

Spring, 1990
Volume 278 No 7093

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COVER: Columbia Road flower market, E2,
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ILN Subscription Department, 3-4 Hardwick Street, London EC1R 4RY. Telephone 01-833 5793. Second-class postage paid at Rahway NJ. Postmaster: Address corrections to *The Illustrated London News*, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc, 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001, USA. ISSN: 0019-2422. Newstrade Distributor: S.M. Distribution, 6 Leigham Court Road, Streatham, London SW16 2PG. Telephone 01-677 8111. Annual subscription rates: United Kingdom £14.50 (\$24), Europe £17 (\$28), USA (air-speeded delivery) £17 (\$28), Canada (air-speeded delivery) £19 (Can\$37), Rest of the world (air-speeded delivery) £20 (\$33). Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Limited; branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Launceston and Hobart, Australia; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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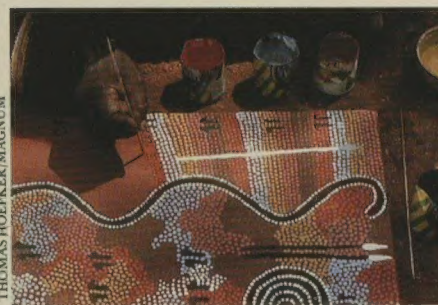
"An elderly man
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WINDOW ON THE WORLD

NOVEMBER 16

At San Salvador's Central American University, six Jesuit priests and two women staff were shot dead by gunmen as fierce fighting between El Salvador's left-wing guerrillas and government troops continued. On the following day, David Blundy, a British journalist in San Salvador, was killed when he was hit by a stray bullet.

Petar Mladenov who replaced Todor Zhivkov as head of the Bulgarian communist party on November 10, dismissed 10 senior party officials loyal to his predecessor. On the following day parliament voted unanimously to "relieve" Zhivkov of the presidency and Mladenov was elected in his place.

NOVEMBER 17

About 50,000 demonstrators marched through Prague demanding free elections and the dismissal of the Czechoslovak communist party leader Milos Jakes. But as the march moved away from the official route, police used dogs and batons to break up the crowd: many protesters were badly beaten and at least 100 were arrested.

The East German Prime Minister, Hans Modrow, presented his new cabinet. Reduced from 44 to 28 members, it included 11 non-communist ministers.

NOVEMBER 22

The Lebanon's new president, René Muawad, elected to implement the Arab-League peace plan, was assassinated after 17 days in office. On November 24 Elias Hrawi was sworn in as his successor under tight security.

NOVEMBER 24

Milos Jakes, the communist party leader, and the entire 24-member Czechoslovak Politburo resigned. Karel Urbanek was elected Jakes's successor.

NOVEMBER 26

The ruling Congress (I) party, led by Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, suffered heavy losses in India's ninth general election and failed to win an overall majority. It took

193 of the 525 contested seats, compared to 415 in the 1984 general election. On November 27 the main opposition parties—the Janata Dal led by V. P. Singh, the Communists and the Hindu-nationalist BJP—began talks on forming a coalition government. Two days later Gandhi resigned as Prime Minister but he was re-elected leader of Congress (I) by the party's MPs. On December 2 V. P. Singh was sworn in as India's new prime minister.

NOVEMBER 27

Three unpopular hard-liners were sacked from the Czechoslovak Politburo. Among them was the Prague party-chief, Miroslav Stephan, who had given the order for police to attack demonstrators during the November 17 protest. At noon local time, a two-hour general strike began which brought much of Czechoslovakia to a standstill. On the following day the acting Prime Minister, Ladislav Adamec, effectively announced the end of communist domination when he agreed to ask parliament to amend the constitution so that clauses guaranteeing the party its leading role would be deleted. He also promised to form a new government including non-communists.

NOVEMBER 28

A report from the National Audit Office concluded that the Rover Group had been undervalued by the Government when it was sold to British Aerospace for £150 million in 1988. Nicholas Ridley, the Trade and Industry Secretary, later admitted that at the time of the sale details of a £38 million inducement package offered to BAe to close the deal had been withheld.

NOVEMBER 30

Record libel damages of £1.5 million were awarded to Lord Aldington, the former deputy chairman of the Conservative Party, against Nicolai Tolstoy, the historian, and Nigel Watts, a property developer, over allegations that in 1945, when a brigadier in the British Army, he had arranged for the forcible repatriation of 70,000 Cossacks and anti-Tito Yugoslavs. ▷

RUMANIA'S REVOLUTION

Attempts by Rumanian security forces to evict the dissident Calvinist pastor Laszlo Tokes from his home in the Transylvanian city of Timisoara in the early hours of Sunday, December 17, sparked the events which brought revolution to Rumania. Ethnic Hungarians, gathered outside the pastor's house, began to riot when they saw that he had been beaten, and they were quickly joined by thousands more protesters—Hungarians and Rumanians alike—who called for an end to the oppressive regime of 71-year-old Nicolae Ceausescu.

Next day reports emerged of up to 400 people killed in clashes with security forces. Hungarian and Yugoslav travellers returning home from Timisoara said they had seen troops open fire on protesters. The city was sealed off by tanks, the country's borders were closed and there were further reports of violence in the cities of Cluj, Oradea and Brasov.

The demonstrations escalated and on December 20 President Ceausescu imposed a state of emergency on Timisoara and the entire western district of Timis. Appearing on television shortly after his return from a state visit to Iran, he blamed the violence on "neo-fascistic and terroristic provocateurs", and said the army had been obliged to shoot to "protect law and order and the citizens' property".

Ceausescu attempted to repeat his views to an open-air rally of his "supporters" in the Rumanian capital, Bucharest, on the following day, but he was heckled and shouted down by members of the 100,000-strong crowd. As security forces abandoned tear gas for bullets in an attempt to quell the demonstrators, the rally was transformed into a bloody uprising. At least 20 people were thought to have died, with another 32 reported killed in the northern city of Cluj.

At the same time, however, the defection of army units to the side of the people—which had already happened to a limited extent in Timisoara—became wide-

spread. Eye witnesses described how soldiers who refused to fire on demonstrators were summarily executed by members of Ceausescu's secret police, the Securitate, and as fighting in Bucharest intensified it became clear that the insurrection had evolved into civil war between pro- and anti-Ceausescu forces.

On December 22 the President and his wife, Elena, fled the capital by helicopter. News that Ceausescu had been toppled was broadcast on Bucharest radio and jubilant crowds took to the streets to celebrate the end of his 24-year-old regime. But as night fell Securitate members loyal to the deposed President launched a counter-attack and fierce fighting broke out again, particularly in and around the presidential palace and the communist party headquarters. The capital's television station became a prime target for loyalist fire. It was being used as an improvised headquarters by the National Salvation Front—the emergent provisional government which comprised dissidents and Ceausescu critics from the army and communist party.

On December 23 the Front announced that the Ceausescus had been captured. They were brought to trial on Christmas Day, before a court martial at a barracks 100 miles from Bucharest. They were found guilty on six counts, including genocide leading to 60,000 deaths, the destruction of the national economy, and attempting to flee with more than \$1,000 million. "I will answer nothing," the deposed President protested, "I will sign nothing. I will not recognise this court." At 4pm the Ceausescus were taken outside and shot.

In the days following the execution the National Salvation Front consolidated its position as Rumania's new interim government. On December 26 it announced that it would hold office until there were free elections in the spring, and Ion Iliescu, a veteran communist party member who had criticised Ceausescu's economic policy, was appointed its President. Immediate reforms were announced. The rationing of basic foods was abol-



ished along with the compulsory registration of typewriters and the ban on abortions. Also abandoned was Ceausescu's controversial "systemization" scheme under which peasant villages had been razed and the inhabitants rehoused in modern "agro-industrial" complexes.

On the military front the government issued an ultimatum to die-hard Securitate members still hiding out in secret passages under Bucharest and sniping in the streets: they could surrender by 5pm on December 28 or face summary execution. The ultimatum was widely defied but,

though the threat of sporadic gun-fire persisted, Rumania's capital and its provincial cities were gradually restored to peace as 1989 drew to a close.

Further reforms, including the abolition of the Securitate and of the death penalty (the latter was to prove controversial), were announced by President Iliescu on New Year's Day. At the same time Western diplomats in Bucharest issued revised estimates of the numbers killed during the fighting. In contrast to the official figure of 60,000, they calculated that about 7,000 people had died in Rumania's revolution.

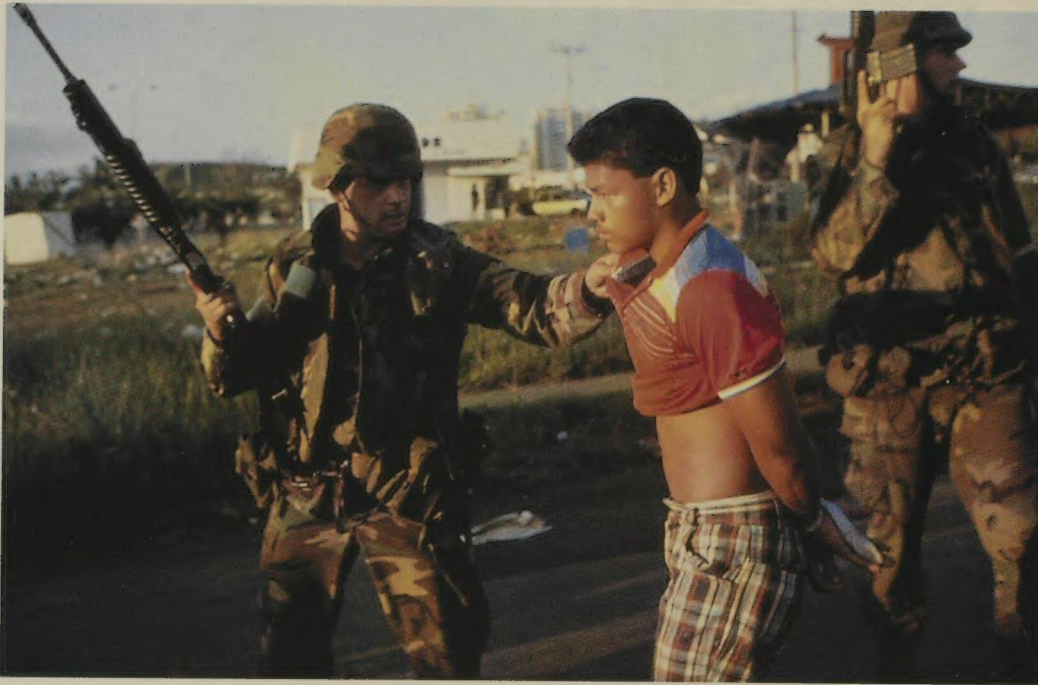
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOWE/NETWORK



Gun battle in the streets of Bucharest: watched by a distant crowd, members of the popular militia, top, fire on Securitate snipers. Groups of well-equipped Ceausescu loyalists remained a threat long after the decisive battles had been fought.

Above left, a suspected Securitate member is arrested. Secret police who fell into the hands of angry crowds were often the victims of lynchings.

Casualties of the revolution: ruined architecture in the centre of Bucharest, above, and left, a battle-scarred revolutionary.



JL ATLAS/SYGMA

DECEMBER 3

The East German Politburo and the Central Committee of the communist party resigned. Egon Krenz relinquished his post as party leader but remained head of state and chairman of the Defence Council. Several senior members of the old guard, including the former leader, Erich Honecker, were expelled from the party. A special committee dominated by reformers was set up to govern until new leaders could be chosen later in the month.

A new government was announced in Czechoslovakia but was immediately rejected by the opposition group Civic Forum because only five of its 21 members were non-communists. On the following day 300,000 protesters gathered in Prague's Wenceslas Square and threatened a second general strike. At the same time Moscow formally denounced the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia of 1968.

DECEMBER 5

Mrs Thatcher defeated Sir Anthony Meyer, Conservative MP for Clwyd North West, by 314 votes to 33 in the first challenge to her leadership of the Conservative Party since she succeeded Edward Heath in 1975.

DECEMBER 6

Egon Krenz stood down as East Germany's head of state. Manfred Gerlach, leader of the non-communist Liberal Democratic Party, was appointed his successor and on December 9 Gregor Gysi, a reforming communist, was appointed the communist party's new leader.

DECEMBER 7

Ladislav Adamec resigned as Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia. His deputy, Marian Calfa, was appointed his successor.

The parliament of the Soviet republic of Lithuania effectively opened the way to a multi-party system when it voted to abolish from the constitution the article guaranteeing the communist party its leading role.

DECEMBER 10

Communist domination of Czechoslovakia came to an end as a new government, the first since 1948 to have a non-communist majority, was sworn in by the hard-line President, Gustav Husak, who resigned immediately afterwards.

DECEMBER 12

The compulsory repatriation

Victims of ethnic violence between Azerbaijanis and Armenians in Baku. The conflict led to Soviet invasion.



V. SPERANSKY/MAGNUM

US troops arrest a supporter of General Noriega in Panama City.

from Hong Kong of Vietnamese classified as illegal immigrants began when 51 boat people were flown to Hanoi.

The Commons voted 348 to 123 in support of demands for legislation which would allow alleged Nazi war criminals living in Britain to be brought to trial.

DECEMBER 14

After a private meeting of the 1922 Committee of all Conservative backbenchers the Government was warned that it would face widespread backbench opposition if it went ahead with plans to allow up to 225,000 Hong Kong residents—comprising about 50,000 civil servants and skilled professionals plus their families—to settle in Britain before the colony was handed over to China in 1997.

Andrei Sakharov, the Russian

physicist and human rights campaigner, died in his Moscow flat, aged 68.

DECEMBER 19

The Trade and Industry Secretary, Nicholas Ridley, announced that the Government would pay compensation totalling £150 million to 18,000 investors who had lost their savings when the Barlow Clowes investment empire collapsed in 1988.

The compulsory repatriation of Vietnamese boat people from Hong Kong, suspended for a week following widespread opposition, was approved by the Commons when MPs voted 309 to 219 in favour of the policy.

DECEMBER 20

US troops invaded Panama in a military operation designed to protect American lives, to restore democracy and to bring General Noriega to justice in America where he was indicted on drug-trafficking charges in May, 1988. Shortly before the airlift of troops began Guillermo Endara was sworn in as Panama's new President at a US military base in the country. Mr Endara and his two vice-presidential running mates, Ricardo Arias Calderon and Guillermo Ford, who also took oaths of office, had won a landslide victory in Panama's elections of May, 1989, but the result had been annulled by General Noriega. Although American troops quickly overcame resistance from the Panamanian Defence Force to take key military installations in and around Panama City, General Noriega initially evaded capture. The operation claimed the lives of 23 US troops, 314 Panamanian troops, three US civilians and 220 Panamanian civilians.

In the first formal split in the Soviet communist party since the 1917 Revolution, delegates to a special communist party congress in the Soviet republic of Lithuania voted 855 to 160, with 12 abstentions, to create an "independent Lithuanian communist party with its own statutes and programme". On December 25 President Gorbachev condemned the vote as "illegitimate" but on the following day announced that he would visit Lithuania to discuss the issue.

DECEMBER 21

Samuel Beckett, the Irish-born playwright and novelist who was awarded the 1969 Nobel Prize for Literature, died in Paris, aged 83.



A. NOGUES/SYGMA

DECEMBER 24

Manuel Noriega, Panama's deposed leader on the run from US forces, was granted temporary refuge in the Vatican's embassy in Panama City. The embassy was immediately surrounded by American troops and President Bush began negotiations with the Vatican, demanding that the General be handed over for trial in the US. The Vatican, having no extradition treaty with Washington, formally refused the request on December 27 but said that Mgr Laboa, the Papal Nuncio, was doing all he could to persuade Noriega to go voluntarily. While the General remained in the embassy the troops stationed outside employed various methods of intimidation, including bombarding the building with non-stop rock music. This was turned off on December 30 following strong protests from Mgr Laboa. Four days later, on the evening of January 3, General Noriega surrendered to US troops. He was flown overnight to Miami where he appeared in court on January 4; he was remanded in custody on

In the Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, President Gorbachev, accompanied by his wife, Raisa, meets nationalists demanding secession from the USSR.

a series of drug-trafficking charges which together carried a maximum penalty of 145 years imprisonment.

DECEMBER 25

President Nicolae Ceausescu of Rumania and his wife, Elena, were executed by firing squad. See p6.

DECEMBER 28

The Czechoslovak parliament elected Alexander Dubcek its chairman, returning him to public office for the first time since he was ousted following his Prague Spring reforms in 1968. The next day it unanimously elected Vaclav Havel President of Czechoslovakia.

An earthquake measuring 5.5 on the Richter scale hit the Australian city of Newcastle, New South Wales, at 10.28am local time, killing at least 12 people and injuring more than 160.

JANUARY 3

Norman Fowler, the Secretary of State for Employment, resigned from the Cabinet for domestic reasons. In his letter of resignation to Mrs Thatcher he explained that he wanted to spend more time with his family. He was awarded a knighthood. Michael Howard, formerly the Minister for Housing at the Department of the Environment, was appointed his successor.

Troops were deployed to the Soviet republic of Azerbaijan following four days of rioting along the border with Iran. Soviet Azerbaijanis seeking reunification with Azerbaijanis in Iran had attempted to smash through the border, attacking guards and observation towers.

JANUARY 8

150,000 demonstrators took to the streets of Leipzig after East Germany's communist leadership revealed that it intended to establish a new security service ostensibly to keep watch on neo-Nazi extremists. Its failure to disband the hated Stasi secret police also enraged the protesters who complained that only 25,000 members of the 85,000-strong organisation had been dismissed. On January 12 the Prime Minister, Hans Modrow, bowed to popular pressure and announced that no new security service would be created before the May 6 elections.

Terry-Thomas, the film actor, died aged 78 after suffering from Parkinson's disease for 15 years.

JANUARY 10

Troops withdrew from Tiananmen Square as the Chinese Prime Minister, Li Peng, lifted martial law in Peking. It had been imposed on May 20, 1989, to quash pro-democracy protests.

JANUARY 11

President Gorbachev began a three-day visit to Lithuania to discuss the republic's demands for secession from the Soviet Union. During a factory visit he revealed that a law was being drafted in Moscow to provide the mechanism for republics to secede. In the evening more than 250,000 people demanding independence rallied in Vilnius's Cathedral Square. On the same day Latvia followed Estonia and Lithuania in abolishing the communist party's leading role.

JANUARY 12

President Ion Iliescu, leader of

Rumania's provisional government, the National Salvation Front, was forced to outlaw the communist party following demonstrations by angry crowds in Bucharest. He also agreed to hold a nationwide referendum on January 28 on the restoration of the death penalty for the Ceausescu family and members of the Securitate. On the following day he said the government had been weak to bow to the crowd's demands and announced that the decision to ban the communist party would be put to referendum on January 28. But later both referenda were cancelled: Silviu Brucan, a prominent member of the Front, announced on January 18 that the maximum sentence for Ceausescu loyalists would be forced labour for life, while the communist party would have all its assets confiscated and appropriated by the state.

JANUARY 13

In Baku, the capital of the Soviet republic of Azerbaijan, the long-standing feud with Armenia over control of Nagorno-Karabakh flared again as Azerbaijani nationalists ran riot through the city, hunting down Armenians. At least 30 people were reported killed during the weekend violence. On January 15, as fighting intensified, the Soviet government declared a state of emergency in and around Nagorno-Karabakh. The next day it announced that 11,000 troops—5,000 from the army and 6,000 from the Interior Ministry—would be sent to quell the violence in the republics.

JANUARY 14

The President of El Salvador, Alfredo Cristiani, announced that a colonel, Guillermo Benavides, three lieutenants and four soldiers had been arrested in connection with the massacre of six Jesuit priests and two of their staff on November 16.

JANUARY 15

The Bulgarian parliament abolished the communist party's monopoly of power when it voted unanimously to remove from the constitution clauses guaranteeing the party its leading role.

Defying appeals for calm from the New Forum opposition group, thousands of demonstrators stormed the headquarters of the Stasi secret police in East Berlin, smashing windows, rifling through files and daubing the walls with graffiti. The building was later sealed off.



JANUARY 18

John Stalker, the former deputy chief constable of Greater Manchester police, claimed to have documentary evidence that the decision to suspend him from his post and remove him from the inquiry into an alleged "shoot-to-kill" policy by the Royal Ulster Constabulary had been made by senior officials within the Cabinet Office. At the same time a 16-week fraud trial against his friend Kevin Taylor collapsed amid allegations of dishonesty against Greater Manchester police, when the jury was instructed to return a verdict of not guilty. Stalker's friendship with Taylor had led to his suspension, a police report claiming he associated with known criminals.

Marian Calfa the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, resigned from the communist party.

Todor Zhivkov, Bulgaria's deposed leader, was charged with corruption and the "incitement of ethnic hostility" and placed under house arrest. He was later transferred to prison.

JANUARY 19

Sir Anthony Meyer, the MP who



PIERS CAVENDISH/REFLEX

challenged Margaret Thatcher for the leadership of the Conservative Party in December, was dropped by his constituency party, Clwyd North West. A new candidate would be put forward at the next general election.

Anti-apartheid demonstrators protested against the unofficial tour of South Africa by English cricketers as the team, captained by Mike Gatting, arrived at Johannesburg airport.

JANUARY 20

Scores of people were killed in Baku, capital of the Soviet republic

of Azerbaijan, when Russian troops and tanks invaded the city after an ultimatum ordering nationalist rebels to remove roadblocks expired. The operation followed a week of escalating violence between Azerbaijanis and Armenians. On January 22 the parliament of Azerbaijan defied the Soviet government when it declared null and void the state of emergency decreed by the Kremlin under which Red Army troops had been authorised to enter Baku. It warned that if the troops were not withdrawn it would hold a referendum on secession from the USSR.

Tirley on the Severn—submerged by the floods which followed January's devastating storm, left.

Barbara Stanwyck, the Hollywood film actress, died, aged 82.

JANUARY 24

The naval blockade of Baku harbour by Azerbaijani nationalists was broken when Soviet warships opened fire on blockading merchant ships. Several vessels were reported sunk. Meanwhile the official death toll in clashes between the army and civilians in the city rose to 99.

JANUARY 25

46 people were killed when severe winds, gusting at times to more than 110mph, swept across the southern half of Britain. The storm—the worst since that of October 16, 1987—cut off electricity supplies to many areas, disrupted rail services and uprooted at least three million trees. Damage was estimated at more than £800 million.

Ava Gardner, the film actress, died in London, aged 67.

JANUARY 26

The UK current account deficit

narrowed for the fifth consecutive month when it fell in December to £1,120 million from £1,410 million in November.

JANUARY 28

On the fifth day of demonstrations in the Yugoslav province of Kosovo, four ethnic Albanians were killed in the town of Suva Reka when riot police fired on a crowd of protesters demanding free elections and the removal of the regional communist leadership. On the previous day 10 ethnic Albanians had been killed in battles across the province and by January 31, as violence continued, the toll had risen to 26.

Opponents and supporters of Rumania's National Salvation Front clashed in the centre of Bucharest when a crowd of anti-government demonstrators protested against the Front's decision to participate in the May elections. On January 30 the Front attempted to appease its critics by proposing the formation of a coalition government incorporating opposition parties, which would hold office until the elections.

The East German government and opposition leaders agreed to bring forward the date of the country's first free elections from May 6 to March 18 and to form a coalition caretaker government until that date.

JANUARY 29

The Government shelved plans to introduce compulsory identity cards for football supporters following criticism of the scheme by Lord Justice Taylor in his report on the Hillsborough stadium disaster in which 95 fans were killed. The report claimed the scheme would be dangerous as it would aggravate crowd pressure at turnstiles. The Home Secretary, David Waddington, announced the Government's acceptance of the report's 76 recommendations, including the elimination of terraces from all First and Second Division grounds by August, 1994 and all remaining grounds by August, 1999.

Polish communists voted to disband their party, creating in its place the new Social Democracy of the Republic of Poland under the leadership of 36-year-old Alexander Kwasniewski.

Erich Honecker, the deposed East German leader, was arrested on charges of treason and corruption. He was released from custody on the following day after



A. TANNENBAUM/ISGMA

an East Berlin court ruled that he was too ill to be detained until his trial in March.

JANUARY 30

The Government admitted that in the 1970s the security services in Northern Ireland had been engaged in a "black propaganda" campaign directed against the IRA. The admission came as Archie Hamilton, Minister for the Armed Forces, announced that, following the discovery of new evidence, an inquiry would be held into the dismissal of Colin Wallace, a former Army press officer who was involved in the operation.

JANUARY 31

In his State of the Union address, President Bush proposed that the United States and the Soviet Union should cut their troop levels in central Europe to 195,000 each. Under the proposals the US would also be allowed 30,000 troops in Britain, Italy and Turkey, taking the total American strength to 225,000—well below the 275,000 being negotiated at talks in Vienna.

FEBRUARY 1

Federal troops and tanks were deployed in the Yugoslav province of Kosovo to suppress clashes between ethnic Albanians and the Serbian authorities.

Rumania's National Salvation Front and opposition parties agreed to form a caretaker coalition government—the Council of National Unity—to hold office

until free elections in May.

Bulgaria's communist government resigned to make way for a broad-based coalition. On February 3 Andrei Lukanov, a pro-reform communist, was elected the new prime minister.

FEBRUARY 2

President F. W. de Klerk of South Africa announced that to enable black leaders to participate in negotiations with the government, bans on the African National Congress, the Pan Africanist Congress, the South African Communist Party and 33 other anti-apartheid organisations were to be lifted. Other measures included the freeing of political prisoners, a relaxation of the state of emergency with regard to media coverage of political events in South Africa and a moratorium on hangings.

FEBRUARY 5

At the opening of the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee plenum in Moscow, President Gorbachev pointed the way to a multi-party system and the end of the Communist Party's monopoly of power. He implicitly proposed the abolition of Article Six of the Soviet Constitution, which enshrined the party's leading role, and on February 7, despite strong opposition from conservatives, the Central Committee voted overwhelmingly in favour of his proposals. It was agreed that Article Six should be amended: under new draft wording the Communist

Free after 27 years, Nelson Mandela leaves jail accompanied by his wife.

Party would "not claim a right to exclusive authority". The plenum also approved the creation of a new-style presidency, the replacement of the Politburo with a 30-member Presidium and the appointment of a party chairman.

FEBRUARY 7

In Karachi, Pakistan, gun battles between anti-government protesters and riot police left 45 people dead and 150 injured. The violence occurred as a general strike called by the Mohajir Qami Movement paralysed the city. Further clashes followed.

FEBRUARY 11

Nelson Mandela, the South African National Congress leader jailed for more than 27 years, was released. In his first public speech since his imprisonment in 1964, he addressed a crowd of 50,000 supporters from the balcony of Cape Town's City Hall. Greeting them "in the name of peace, democracy and freedom for all", he said that the ANC would not abandon the armed struggle against apartheid. He also called for intensified political action at home and urged the international community to maintain sanctions against South Africa. Celebrations in Cape Town were marred by clashes between ANC supporters and riot police: two people died and more than 100 were injured.

LORASAVINO

UNTIL AUGUST THE 7TH 1986, ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO
LOST A LOT OF SLEEP OVER ONE SMALL GRAPE.



When darkness falls over Ernest and Julio Gallo's vineyards, you'll often find the two of them sitting up late discussing their vines and their grapes.

But there's only ever been one grape they've actually lost sleep over: the Grenache.

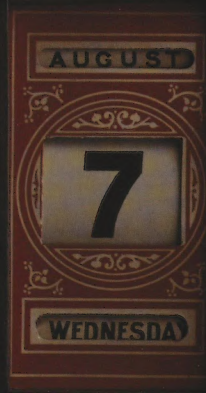
The wine it produced at the time was good, but given the grape's special aroma, they knew there had to be a better way to produce a better wine.

In fact it was to take nearly 40 years, trying different methods of pruning, training, watering, harvesting and, of course, fermenting.

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Now, for Ernest and Julio Gallo to sleep easy, all that remains is for you to do them the honour of trying their delicate, aromatic White Grenache.

THE WINES OF ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO





GO OR NO GO?

Moving out of London cuts costs for companies and can have environmental and other advantages for individuals. But there are also drawbacks. Carrie Segrave talks to some who have made the move and reports on the emerging pattern of business relocations.

The jobs of 34,000 London civil servants are being scrutinised to see if they can be done as well in Wrexham as in Whitehall. If not Wrexham, then Wigan, perhaps, which took a big chunk of the DHSS in 1988, or South Wales, new home of the Patent Office. The mobile civil servants are just some of the many Londoners who are finding that their bosses have itchy feet. The charms of cheaper rents, greenfield offices and dare one say it—more amenable staff are luring businesses out of London in a steady flow.

The move can cost £10,000 per employee, but save a company millions. It can throw a business into protracted, and distracting, chaos for months on end. Or it can alter the way the company sees itself—and is seen—from undisturbed Dickensian to high-tech modern.

The rush to leave London began in the optimistic days of the 60s. By 1963 the Government had set up the Location of Offices Bureau to encourage offices to quit the congested City and West End for "suitable centres elsewhere". By the mid-70s the aim had changed slightly: then it was piously hoped that such relocations would also bring about "a better distribution of office employment throughout the United Kingdom".

But the LOB was disbanded in 1979 and relocation tailed off with the general sadness of the economy. Now the numbers leaving London are rising once more and, according to chartered surveyors Jones Lang Wootton, who carry out an annual survey, one of the most interesting findings is the sharp increase in the number of decentralisations to centres outside the south. "An estimated one-third of future moves will be long-distance—three-quarters of them outside the south," they predict.

The reasons for so major a step—"one of the most difficult reorganisational challenges which any company has to face," according to relocation specialists PHH Homequity, come down to cost and manpower. The City is full of exorbitantly costly, low-tech offices and short of available labour. The country is full of welcoming local authorities eager to help. Savings can be massive: City and West End rents are around £60 a square foot per annum. A couple of miles away, Docklands rents are £20. Move to Leeds, and you will pay £14 maximum. Many places are in single figures.

"We were paying an enormous amount of money for office accommodation in London," says John Randall, director of the Law Society's professional standards and development division, late of Chancery Lane and now in Redditch, near Birmingham. "If you want a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN CALDER



point of comparison, the freehold cost of our new building was about equal to one year's rental in Chancery Lane.

"We were expanding and had no more room. And we had the typical London problem of a high turnover of junior and clerical staff. So we looked for somewhere not more than about an hour-and-a-half by train from London, where the labour market wasn't overheating, and where property wasn't too expensive. That ruled out the south-east, East Anglia, the M4 corridor, Cheltenham. . . . Essentially we found ourselves looking at the east and west Midlands; a runner-up would have been just over the bridge in South Wales.

"Next, we needed the right-sized property, and at short notice. We found two: one, in Coventry, was unsuitable; so here we are in Redditch and it has been extremely successful. Two-thirds of our senior management—some 30 people—made the move, and none has left. The more enjoyable lifestyle is a major benefit, and most got a better-quality house for their money."

The speed with which the Law Society acted once the decision was made (that was in November, 1988, and the first people moved last April) was a help. "Don't drag it out! It's difficult, to say the least, to recruit into jobs which are disappearing up the country; and, meanwhile, London staff who aren't coming with you are finding new jobs and leaving."

The problem of moving staff is the biggest and least predictable factor in a relocation. Whatever a company does, and even if it succeeds in convincing employees of the benefits of the relocation, some will not only be not willing but not able to move. Elderly dependent relatives, children at critical points in their education and, increasingly, spouses who have equal career commitments

*"Most staff were pleased",
Jimmy Bake, Rank Xerox.*

can make things difficult or impossible.

"We can't believe you're doing this to us," was the first reaction of the staff of Shell Chemicals. They decided to band together to try to influence the management decision to move the entire company to Chester. For Brian Holmes, public affairs manager, the north-west was at least not just a name. His family knew they would like it, for they had only just come from the region.

However, the lease was running out on Shell's existing London headquarters "which was, in any case, a totally unsuitable building," says Holmes. "It consisted of cellular offices strung along corridors: people spent their time charging up and down stairs to see each other."

The move to a custom-built office in a Chester business park not only solved that problem but also allowed them to bridge the gap between the manufacturing, which was already in the area, and the marketing sides. "We now have better teamwork in open-plan offices where we can see and talk to each other. It has allowed us to develop new ways of working, using computers and electronic mail systems, made us less reliant on administrative support, and drawn people closer."

Before they reached that stage, there was an enormous amount of spadework to be done to persuade the staff to come along. "The day we made the announcement we gave people a letter outlining the management's vision for the new office, and a video of the area. That was vital. You can't expect people to uproot themselves just to save costs."

A careful package included further videos on education and housing, and visits to the area. In the end they invited

80 per cent of the workforce to move with them—and 80 per cent of those accepted.

Rank Xerox had a much easier task. Their move was to an eye-catching new international headquarters which they built for themselves in a prestigious location, Marlow, not far from London in the M4 "Silicon Valley".

"Yes, most staff were pleased," comments Jimmy Bake, manager of international corporate affairs. "We were scattered in several buildings in town, and we had no real need to be central. It made more sense to be near Heathrow. Ours is the international division, and our in-house travel agency does £5 million's worth of business each year."

The new building was naturally designed to make the most of new technology. It has one of the highest concentrations of office technology in Europe, geared to collecting and communicating information all over the world within minutes, regardless of time-zones. Below the floors run 3,700 miles of cable. For Rank Xerox, certainly, their position relative to the City of London is irrelevant. So user-friendly is the building, and the area, that the company lost fewer people in the move than they had anticipated. "Which was rather embarrassing," says Jimmy Bake. "We had carried out a heavy recruiting campaign in local schools and, as it turned out, we had only 13 vacancies."

This was probably as well. One of the major reasons for quitting the capital is to tap better staff supplies than London affords. Since the south-east is now rapidly catching up with London in this respect, companies can find that they take their recruitment problems with them. For Christopher Garnett, director of Sealink's European sector, the move to Ashford in Kent has been successful, but he thinks that he has helped to use up Ashford's labour supply. Unemployment in the town has now dropped to 3.9 per cent, wages are rising, and the expected relocation of companies because of the Channel Tunnel has hardly begun.

"The initial reaction when we announced the move did tend to be 'Ashford? Bleugh!' But it's in lovely countryside, ringed with pretty villages, and now I don't think you'd get anybody to go back. The spur was an attractive offer for our London offices, which were far from ideal anyway. We were also running our central reservation system from London, with the usual London problems of high staff turnover and absenteeism. Now the system runs more efficiently, with interested staff of a higher calibre: many are housewives who work part-time.

"The main problem was moving managerial staff whose spouses had jobs of their own. But once this was overcome,



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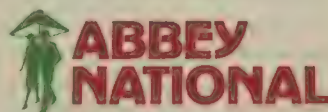
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Christopher Garnett of Sealink sees the Kent move as successful.

it has been most successful. The unexpected bonus is the more relaxed working environment. People who would be first out in London are often longest at their desks here. Without all that travel, I can spend far more time in the office without spending less with my family."

But what of the city these companies left behind? Is Britain's capital doomed—as was feared some years ago—to become a city of ghost offices? When the LOB was wound up, London's population was declining, and so were job numbers—office jobs in particular. But then came the mid-80s revolution in the City and in the whole financial services sector, and the situation was reversed, as any Underground passenger will have noticed.

Baring Brothers, the merchant bankers, decided to move their administration to Brentwood in Essex. City rents had risen too high; in Brentwood, just the other side of the M25, they felt they could create a custom-built administration centre, more attractive both as a workplace and in its costings. They found a good site, near the station, and began building.

Today their new block is proving a good investment—let out to someone else. Last August Barings moved to new premises just up the road from their current City offices. This decision was taken primarily because of internal circumstances—a merger within the group. But it was influenced by other factors: one of the results of Big Bang is that securities houses have even more need to keep in direct contact with their administration side. And despite space-age communications there was, says director Francis Carnwath, never any thought of moving the entire firm out, even to Essex. "It was always felt that the management side, the analysts, had to be

in the City. Merchant bankers have got to have very, very good communications." Lessons were learnt from others who had tried decentralisation: "One or two were felt to have gone too far."

What is enabling Barings to keep the analysts and their support side together is the new Broadgate development at Liverpool Street station, one of the biggest such schemes in Europe. Here they will have the benefits of a new, purpose-built headquarters at something less than top City prices. And hard on the heels of Broadgate are the other major new office developments designed for the Computer Age, such as at King's Cross, and, dwarfing them all, the fast-growing towers of Canary Wharf in Docklands.

The pattern emerging is an interesting one. Thanks to the transformation of communications, both improved physical communications and new technology, more businesses will be free to move, and to move much farther afield. But only businesses of certain types will do so. The mobile ones have large numbers of workers doing mid-grade clerical jobs. They need space, they benefit from the chance to go hi-tech in one leap, and they love the stable (and cheap) workforce offered by a country town's school-leavers and housewives.

But many types of business remain convinced, rightly or wrongly, that they must stay at the hub, or that part of the operation must. And that if they do "decentralise", they should stay physically close, in the south-east, preferably no farther than, say, Hammersmith. "Decentralisation," say Jones Lang Wootton, "is still dominated by short-distance moves: the influence of London continues to moderate the pattern." □

TALES FROM THE RIVERBANK

Phil Clark is easily moved. As general manager of Rank Xerox leasing he travels abroad regularly, and during his time with the company has spent two years in Holland. Before joining Rank Xerox he lived and worked in the Midlands, a location which, as an Essex man, he admits he would not have gone to through choice. "You have to go where the work goes," he says. "I think you just learn to adapt. I know some people have a major problem with moving house because of their roots—they want to stay in the same town—but it really is unrealistic for anyone to think that they're going to stay in the same place for the whole of their lives. I don't think I'd want to either."

When Rank Xerox announced that it was moving its headquarters from London's Euston Road to custom-built premises outside Marlow, Clark had been with the company some nine years and says that there was never any question of his leaving and finding another job. "The primary decision was *where* to move to," he explains. "Living in south London, in Bromley, it would have been

impossible to commute, so it was a question of where to locate."

Because his wife, Sue, wanted to continue working in London—she is an office manager with a marketing consultancy near St James's Park—it was essential for the Clarks to choose somewhere with good transport links with the capital. They focused on Reading and Slough and looked at many properties near both towns before choosing their current home—a modern, three-storey, terraced house on the Heron Island estate, a Thames-side development just five minutes from Reading station.

Although the Bromley house had more character—it was a converted Victorian stable block—it was only 100 yards from a railway line and the general outlook was depressing. Now the Clarks can see tree-fringed riverbanks and stretches of the Thames from every window. The estate, originally the site of a water mill, boasts a picturesque old wooden bridge and a little weir, the gentle chuckling of which, Clark claims, is the only sound he can hear as he falls asleep at night.

While he does not aspire to one of the elegant river cruisers which are moored at jetties surrounding the estate, he still indulges in a little messin' about of his own. "We've got an 8-foot dinghy with



Phil Clark has learnt to adapt.

an outboard motor," he explains, "and if the weather's good we can take a trip down to the pub."

The Clarks' four-bedroom house was newly-built when they moved in in September, 1987. At £135,000 it was significantly cheaper than anything comparable in London, and cheaper, too, than a Marlow property. Rank Xerox covered all moving costs and provided a subsidy to cover a portion of the Clarks' increased mortgage payments for the first two years. "They gave financial assistance to relocate you which can only be called generous," says Clark. "They took a lot of the hassle out of moving."

Next to the pretty location, Clark regards his easier journey to work as one of the primary benefits of the move. When he lived in Bromley the journey by

British Rail and Underground to the Euston Road offices, would take him about 40 minutes on a good day and an hour-and-a-half on a bad one. Now he drives to work—usually in less than half-an-hour. "I can drive along the river, through Henley," he says, "and on a nice day with a blue sky it does actually make you feel quite good."

His wife is not so lucky. Her journey to St James's Park used to take half-an-hour from Bromley, now it takes at least an hour-and-a-quarter. "Although the train service into central London is very fast," explains Clark, "she then has to travel round the Circle Line which, as all London dwellers know, is probably the worst line on the Underground."

The move to Reading has had other disadvantages, too. The couple have fewer opportunities to see their friends from south London, and Clark finds he misses some of the excitement and convenience of working in the capital.

But despite these occasional pangs, he considers himself better off. "If I go up to London then it's nice to get on a red bus, or go in a taxi or on the Underground, because if you've worked there for 10 years then you have an affinity towards it. But the quality of life here is better: if you work late, then 30 minutes later you're home." LORA SAVINO

NO REGRETS IN REDDITCH

The decision to move with his firm was not a hard one for Andrew Pickering, facilities manager of the Law Society. The charms of London had worn thin. "Basically, I just got fed up with London—the hustle and bustle, the dirt, the aggressiveness of people. When the news of the relocation came through I thought, yes, I've had enough of this."

Redditch, which is just outside Birmingham, was no more than a name to him. Reassuringly, it lies to the south, close to other, rather more familiar names: Stratford-on-Avon, the Vale of Evesham, the Cotswolds.

The Law Society took its staff up by coach to see the place—an introduction which included lunch with the mayor and other dignitaries at the town hall. "When I saw the new offices, I couldn't have been more impressed. Compared to London, you're in a different world. However, there was little time to see the town itself, and it was pouring with rain, so we reserved judgment until my girl-friend, Bridget Holmes, (who also works for the Society), and I could come up for a weekend under our own steam."



Andrew Pickering and Bridget Holmes in Redditch.

Redditch, although in itself "not exactly worth a day trip", also held another great draw: affordable property. At the time the relocation was announced, Andrew had moved back into central London and was "camping out" with relatives in Swiss Cottage. "My girl-friend was also living with family. New two-bedroom flats round the corner from me cost £225,000."

Buying in Redditch, however, was not that easy. "The market here had been fuelled by the announcement of the M40 extension, which will pass within about 5 miles of Redditch. Firms were moving in, unemployment was low, there was the upturn in the economy, and the promise of easy access to London."

"The house market was incredible. Everything was going the instant the sale board went up—so much so that the agents said there was little point in sending us details. The homes had been sold by the time the post arrived. We got to the situation here that if a house was on the market for three days, we assumed there was something wrong with it."

Nevertheless, armed with the company's relocation assistance—help with bridging finance and a lump sum of 12½ per cent of salary to cover moving expenses—Andrew and his girl-friend found a home. "We couldn't get what we

wanted because the market was so crazy, so we thought we'd just buy something accessible, and look to move again in about two years' time. So we bought a three-bedroom semi on one of the estates in Redditch, for £45,000.

"That was 15 months ago, and we've already found our next house. We set out looking for an old cottage outside the town, but we've ended up with a brand new house in a little village called Salford Priors, about 3 miles from Evesham. From the front of the house you look out across open fields to the Cotswolds. These are new houses in the grounds of a large country mansion, which is itself being converted into flats. The market here is now very quiet, so what we have done is to part-exchange our Redditch house, plus £22,000, for this."

Andrew would not go back to London. His decision was made easier, he points out, since his girl-friend was also relocated. The Society would, however, have found them other jobs at the London end if they had wanted to stay. This meant that there were few reluctant moves, and his colleagues with families seem, he says, not to have had too many problems. One woman, whose husband still works in London, solved matters by moving to Swindon, from where they can both commute. CARRIE SEGRAVE



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NELSON'S COLUMN FROM THE LINEN CUPBOARD



Found in a cupboard, Gainsborough's *A Wooded Landscape with a Horseman* is now at the Cecil Higgins Art Gallery in Bedford.

Linen cupboards suggest a warm and cosy environment, redolent of meetings of the merry Mitford girls or of the sudden emergence of litters of kittens, though no doubt some fairly horrific things have happened in the larger ones presided over by housekeepers of the Mrs Danvers variety. They have certainly been used for gentle activities such as the cultivation of cress and for encouraging the growth of amaryllis lilies, but they are not normally the

repositories of family rummage. You might expect to find a Gainsborough in the attic. You would have to be a prodigious optimist to hope to find one in the linen cupboard.

One such happy man recently discovered a bundle of paintings in his mother's linen cupboard in Buckinghamshire and was delighted to find among them the watercolour illustrated here, *A Wooded Landscape with a Horseman*, which Thomas Gainsborough is believed to have painted when he was living in Bath during the late 1760s. The painting has now been acquired, in a private treaty sale, by the Cecil Higgins Art Gallery and Museum in Bedford for £56,417, well below its market value.

The previous owner, who wishes to remain anonymous, reports that his mother inherited the paintings from a cousin, the daughter of Henry Robertson, who was an amateur artist. An inscription on the original mount reads, "Purchased (sic) at Bath at the sale of Gainsborough's drawings soon after his death by S. Wollaston Esq. for £3.12." There is no "S. Wollaston" listed in Bath directories between

1788 and 1800, the year following Gainsborough's death, although William Wollaston, who was a friend of Gainsborough's, died there in 1797.

The gallery, which has a fine collection of English watercolours, has already put the painting on display (admission is free). It was helped in buying the picture by the Government purchase-grant fund administered by the Victoria and Albert Museum (which contributed £25,000), by the National Art-Collections Fund via the Woodroffe Fund (£6,000), and by the Esmée Fairbairn Charitable Trust (£5,000). The sum paid by the gallery's trustees is the highest they have ever put up for a single object.

It is money well spent. One of our leading experts on Gainsborough, Dr John Hayes, director of the National Portrait Gallery, describes it as very beautiful. "The lively feeling for light breaking through the trees is characteristic of Gainsborough's work, especially in the 1760s," he says. Gainsborough's landscapes were not particularly well thought of during his lifetime, though he always considered them his true vocation.

LONDON'S STAR TURNS

Publication of the new *Michelin* gives serious eaters-out an annual opportunity to reassess their habits. The 1990 edition offers no sensational changes at the top. There are still only two three-star restaurants in the UK—Le Gavroche in Upper Brook Street, Mayfair, and the Waterside Inn at Bray—but for Londoners there are some significant changes.

One restaurant in the capital has been moved up to two-star status, Harvey's on Wandsworth Common; and Nico Ladenis has had his transferred to Chez Nico, his new premises in Great Portland Street. There may be some eyebrows raised by those who have suffered from chef Marco Pierre White's bouts of irritability at Harvey's, and about the time it sometimes takes to get any food there, but few will cavil at the award for his cooking, which can be superb, and for the splendid redecoration carried out last year. At Chez Nico the meals are always memorable, and the larger premises are more comfortable than the previous Rochester Row establishment (which remains in business as Very Simply Nico, and very simply good it is). If one had to put money on any other London restaurant winning a *Michelin* third star,

Chez Nico would surely be favourite. The other fancied London candidate would be La Tante Claire in Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, which retains its two-star classification.

Of the 23 one-star restaurants nine are in London and four of them are newly honoured this year. These are the Capital in Basil Street, Chelsea, Cavaliers in Queenstown Road, Battersea, Four Seasons at the Inn on the Park and Sutherlands in Lexington Street, Soho. They join L'Arlequin in Battersea, the Connaught in Mayfair, Le Soufflé in the Inter-Continental Hotel, the Oak Room at Le Meridien and the Suntory in St James's Street. The Londoners whose stars have fallen are Waltons in Chelsea (no surprise there) and Rue St Jacques in Charlotte Street, which will probably concern many enthusiastic customers. These have included some reporters for the 1990 *Good Food Guide*, who noticed an immeasurable improvement over its early days, though adding the assessment that this "was a great restaurant that just missed", confirmed by details such as undercooked bread and "unrelentingly hard meringues".

Give the bread a miss and skip the meringues and you will get a good

meal, as you certainly will from those restaurants to which *Michelin* gives a red "M", defined as "serving a perhaps less elaborate but nonetheless always carefully prepared meal". Two new Red Ms to note in London are Keats in Hampstead (now in the hands of Herbert Berger, who used to be chef at the Mirabelle) and Zen Central, Michael Leung's Chinese restaurant situated in Queen Street, Mayfair.

You can also eat extremely well at many London restaurants which receive no recognition from *Michelin* inspectors. Some of their omissions are remarkable—notably perhaps those of Alistair Little in Frith Street, Clarke's of Kensington Church Street, Turner's in Walton Street, and Bibendum in Fulham Road, all of which are very highly rated—Mark 4 (out of 5) for cooking—in the *Good Food Guide*. In 1988 Bibendum won the *ILN's* best new restaurant award, and its failure to win any notice is odd, unless the restaurant's name and address (Michelin House) have caused offence.

□ *The Michelin Red Guide to Great Britain and Ireland* is published at £8.75. *The Good Food Guide 1990* is published by the Consumers' Association and Hodder & Stoughton, £11.95.

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NELSON'S COLUMN FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY

"As long as I live I shall carry in my mind the beauty of the Taj." This was Eleanor Roosevelt's tribute to India's best-known monument, just one of the many eulogies made in the course of history in an endeavour to express the impact of the Taj Mahal. The history of this famous mausoleum is amply recounted in *Romance of the Taj Mahal*, written by Pratapaditya Pal, senior curator of Indian and South-east Asian Art at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and his three co-curators. However, their aim is also to enlighten readers about the overall aesthetic developments of the period in which it was erected, and to tell us more about Shah Jahan, whose name means "Ruler of the World", the emperor who instigated the building of the Taj Mahal shortly after his beloved wife's death in 1631. Thus the romance of the book's title refers not only to the touching story of Shah Jahan and Mumtaz Mahal, but to the aesthetic romance of the Mogul period: the exquisitely beautiful art, architecture, jewellery and textiles, of which Shah Jahan was a great connoisseur.

Romance of the Taj Mahal was, in fact, written as a catalogue to an exhibition of the same name in the United States.

An introduction by Pratapaditya Pal explains that the authors' purpose is to show why the Taj Mahal is "not architecture", as Edwin Arnold said, but "a concept, an image, a symbol, the focus of a cult, and a state of mind". The Taj has come to represent a standard of excellence and the good life—which is why hotels, cinemas, houses and even a used-car lot have borrowed the distinguished name. Yet it is not associated with death, despite the fact that it was built as a tomb, or "earthly paradise", for Mumtaz Mahal, who died giving birth to their 14th child after 19 years of marriage. It has no historical significance except as a powerful symbol of one man's personal grief and of his perennial quest for immortality.

The book places the myth, image and symbolic significance of the Taj Mahal in the context of Mogul architecture as a whole. There are separate chapters on the painting, jewellery, *objets d'art* and textiles made during Shah Jahan's reign and their influence on later Mogul arts. *Romance of the Taj Mahal* is beautifully illustrated with paintings and objects from the exhibition among others. Co-published by Thames & Hudson and Los Angeles County Museum of Art, price £24.



Portrait of Shah Jahan, instigator of the Taj Mahal.

ALL CHANGE AT SALZBURG

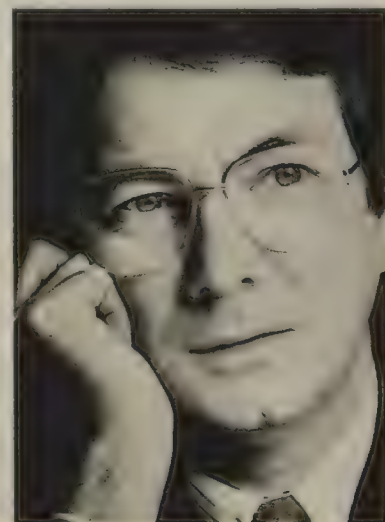
Nobody in operatic circles was very surprised when it was announced last summer that a 46-year-old Belgian called Gérard Mortier would succeed the late, great German conductor Herbert von Karajan as artistic director of the Salzburg Festival. To the outside world, however, his claim to this most prestigious of cultural positions may not be immediately obvious: Mortier is not himself any sort of musical or artistic practitioner, and his name is not familiar to the general public.

The source of his reputation in the trade has been the miraculous recreation of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, a previously mediocre opera house that over the 10 years of his directorship has become the envy of Europe—packed out every night, despite an adventurous repertory that avoids the obvious old favourites and a refusal to resort to the easy box-office drawing-power of star singers. "My audience knows that the doors of the Monnaie are too small for Jessye Norman, the corridors too narrow for Pavarotti," he is quoted as saying.

Instead, Mortier has patiently nur-

tured young talent, providing excellent working conditions and winning a number of bitter political battles in Belgium *en route*. In a tough world his tactics have been authoritarian, but the results—notably in the form of a fresh and imaginative cycle of Mozart operas—have justified his hard line.

Nevertheless, Salzburg (which he



takes over in 1992, alongside Sir Georg Solti as chief guest conductor) presents Mortier with a complex challenge. Karajan ran the Festival as a glamorous and socially exclusive institution, much criticized for its conservatism and for the expense of its tickets. Mortier is a revolutionary, who has already made it clear that he plans radical change and the importation of fresh creative blood. Conductors like the modernist Pierre Boulez, producers like the American whizz-kid Peter Sellars will bring new sounds and new looks; operas like *Tosca* and *La traviata* will give way to a rather more austere diet of 20th-century works by Stravinsky, Berg and living composers.

To achieve all this he has to raise a huge amount of private sponsorship (which Karajan always refused) and fight off an inevitable barrage of criticism from Karajan's devotees. Mortier is well armed for the fight, and whether or not he can ultimately repeat his Brussels victory, his bold and original strategy will doubtless make the Salzburg of the coming decade a place that no music lover will be able to ignore.

Gérard Mortier, all set to introduce changes when he takes over as artistic director of the Salzburg Festival.



FRANKLY FAKE

From March the British Museum explores the art of deception with an exhibition that focuses on fakes—and human gullibility. Its Director, Sir David Wilson, reports.

The discovery in 1912 of the Piltown skull with its ape-like jaw appeared to fulfil all the expectations of Darwinian prediction. It seemed a happy coincidence that this link between man and the apes should be found in England where work on palaeolithic stone tools had first seriously undermined the fundamentalist chronology of Archbishop Ussher. Experts at the British Museum (Natural History) and in various university departments of anatomy studied the find and celebrated a new triumph of rational science.

The finder (a local solicitor named Charles Dawson) was feted, the skull was displayed in the Natural History Museum and, as late as 1950, the Piltown site was declared a national monument after it had been tidied up by the Nature Conservancy Council.

Discoveries in the Far East and in Africa in the intervening years had, however, caused the interpretation of the find to be questioned, and a series of scientific tests completed in 1953 demonstrated that the various elements did not belong together—the assemblage was a fake. The story hit the headlines, it was examined on television and the skull became the subject of a couple of popular books. The British public were delighted and titillated; great experts had been caught out and a bubble of academic arrogance had been pricked.

It is now clear that Dawson was a forger and that his amateur efforts had fooled great scientists like Arthur Keith, Smith Woodward and Ray Lankester. Why were they taken in? Because, we must assume, like everybody they had preconceived ideas as to what should exist, what could be found. They had a

form of tunnel vision and trusted the information presented to them; a myth was created by a clever satisfaction of a specific scientific expectation.

Piltown is one of the more notorious fakes examined in a British Museum exhibition from March 9 to September 2. This exhibition celebrates the gullibility of politicians, collectors, scientists, art-historians and textual critics, through many centuries, in their acceptance of objects or ideas which they wished to

In the 17th century a Scotsman in Canada who had written home about "furred fish" was asked to provide one, and obliged. Similar fish were produced more recently, using rabbit fur. In the early 1970s one was offered to the Royal Scottish Museum, which rejected it as a fake. But public demand to see a furry fish was so great that the Museum "recreated" it: this is therefore a fake twice over.

Mermaids and, less-commonly, mermen, such as this gruesome little fellow, have always been prominent in mythology. During the 17th century they began to appear as three-dimensional curiosities in European display cabinets. Invariably of East Asian origin, they consist of wooden cores fitted with dried parts of monkeys and fish tails. The British Museum example, which was donated by Princess Arthur of Connaught, was said to have been caught in Japan in the 18th century.

Opposite, ivory group of the Holy Women at the foot of the Cross by the outstanding late-18th-century "Master of the Agrafe Forgeries", named for the large agrafe with which he decorated many of his male costumes. His pastiches are based on 14th-century altarpieces of Northern France and the Low Countries, but he betrays his period in over-elaborate costumes, which are sometimes anachronistic (such as these very tight barbettes, bars of a nun's head-dress) and over-sentimentalised and self-questioning faces.



This "18th-century Meissen" elephant, which arrived at the British Museum as part of the Franks Bequest, is now known never to have been manufactured there at all. Made of porcelain on an ormolu stand, it is thought to be of more recent, French origin.



trust. The exhibition poses many questions and answers a few of them.

It examines the borderlines of forgery: the replica market and the over-restoration of classical sculpture for the rich on the grand tour. Most interestingly it considers the cult of the artist and the work of imitators of such major masters as Mantegna and Dürer. It shows such obvious fakes as the "merman" caught off the Japanese coast in the 18th century. It looks again at such political forgeries as the letter from G.Y. Zinoviev, which in 1924 purported to call upon the British Communist Party to pressurise the British government into concluding the proposed Anglo-Soviet trade treaty and to prepare for armed revolution in Britain by subverting the Army. The letter allegedly influenced the general election of 1924 and certainly helped to ruin Anglo-Soviet relations for most of the pre-Second World War period. It later turned out that the letter had been produced by White Russian exiles in Berlin and introduced into London by the Polish secret service.

The forger, whatever his reasons, preys on the gullibility of his public: a gullibility based on greed, auto-suggestion or wish-fulfilment. Greed lies behind most forgery. This is obviously so in the case of van Meegeren, who passed off some extremely bad paintings as the works of Vermeer. Van Meegeren may have had a secondary reason in his hatred of the art establishment, which had condemned him as a mediocre painter. His story is one of the most fascinating in the history of forgery.

A trained artist, he had worked as a picture-restorer; in 1923, at the age of 34, he apparently recognised that he was





never going to succeed as a painter and forged a Frans Hals which was authenticated by a famous Dutch art historian, Holstede de Groot. Several experts condemned the painting and a court case was initiated, but van Meegeren was not identified and produced a series of forgeries over the next 30 years. He triumphantly sold his faked *Christ at Emmaeus* as a Vermeer to the Boymans Museum (though it had been condemned as a "rotten fake") and his *The Washing of Christ's Feet* to the Rijksmuseum (despite a spirited attack on it by van Regteren Altena). He caused extreme embarrassment to the art establishment of the period. Looking at the paintings with hindsight, one can only be astonished that the forgeries were successful. Here again wish-fulfilment and arrogance led to incautious acceptance.

The reasons that lay behind Tom Keating's forgeries of English watercolours are almost certainly more complex. After Geraldine Norman had revealed that Keating had faked not only Samuel Palmer but other artists as well, he became a popular hero. He was arrested in 1977, but charges were dropped on the grounds of his ill-health and he went on to win an award for a successful television series. He wrote a book called *The Fake's Progress* and after his death the contents of his studio sold for £247,000. We must suppose that he also faked for money, but there is some evidence that he treated it all as a joke against the art establishment.

The building of a reputation on the basis of fake material or fake results is one of the weirdest of falsities. To the academic the presentation of fake results is the most heinous of crimes. A recent example of an academic accused of cooking his results involves Professor V. J.

Born in 1889, Henricus Antonius van Meegeren achieved an infamous form of success for his fake Vermeers. Several were authenticated by leading art historians and a huge furore followed his confession of fraud in 1945. Left, *Lady and Gentleman at a Spinnet*, 1935-36, a confection of images from various Vermeers, was bought by a Dutch banker. Above right, X-rays reveal that this portrait of Edward VI of England (1537-53), was executed over an early-17th-century painting of a young girl. American artist J. S. G. Boggs draws banknotes which he exchanges for goods at their face value. The transaction, displayed in galleries as a drawing of the note, invoice, receipt etc, queries the relationship between money and art. In 1986 his work was seized by the British police and he was prosecuted by the Bank of England. His lawyers argued that "not even a moron in a hurry" could be taken in by the drawings and he was acquitted.



Silver decadrachm coins of Syracuse by the scholarly coin forger Carl Wilhelm Becker (1772-1830). Becker is said to have started forging coins to get revenge on a collector who sold him a fake. Becker fooled his deceiver and other major European collectors.



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One Sunday in 1917 Elsie Wright, 15, and her cousin Frances Griffiths, nine, claimed that playing with fairies near their home in the Yorkshire village of Cottingley had made them late for tea. They produced photographs as evidence. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of *Sherlock Holmes*, endorsed the photographs' authenticity and set off an international media circus that kept experts guessing for over 50 years until in 1983 the cousins revealed that they used cut-outs kept in place by hat-pins. In this, the first and best known, the girls forgot to attach wings to the second fairy from the left. Right, Kenneth Clark raised doubts about the *Madonna of the Veil*, a fake Botticelli, when he noted how it reflects the notions of beauty embodied in 1920s screen goddesses.



Gupta, whose writings on the geology of the Himalayas have been re-examined in *Nature*. He has been accused of perpetrating palaeontological fraud over at least two decades and some of his collaborators now feel that the trust they put in his work has been misplaced. Professor Gupta is still fighting his corner and the case is being investigated by his own university, but the breakdown of trust is so serious that one of his collaborators, Philippe Janvier of the French Natural History Museum, states in his part of the discussion, "after my experience . . . I have never published any fossils I have not collected myself".

Perhaps, however, preying on the gullibility of the religious is more disturbing than pricking the bubble of academic arrogance. The recent revelation, by means of radiocarbon dating, that the Turin Shroud is medieval, fluttered a few dovescotes, but this is but one in a long line of revelations concerning forged relics which goes back to Chaucer's "pigges bones" and beyond. The believer saw what he wanted to see and, although we may now mock the faithful who sought the milk of the Blessed Virgin, it is not so easy to understand the deception of the

This "Etruscan" terracotta sarcophagus arrived at the British Museum in 1871. Purporting to date from the sixth century BC, the woman wears 19th-century-style underwear.





From the 1830s onwards Italian Renaissance maiolica became increasingly popular with collectors and prices rose sharply, creating a market for such fakes as this "early-16th-century" dish. It is decorated with golden and reddish metallic lustre, a process rediscovered in Italy in the 1850s.



An abstract composition after Vasily Kandinsky (1866-1944), signed and dated 1925, is neither an exact copy of an original composition nor an accurate imitation of Kandinsky's work of the mid-1920s. This "Roman" marble portrait bust of Clytie, the nymph, was purchased in Naples in 1772. Several scholars have since declared it an 18th-century rococo work. It was the owner, Charles Townley's favourite sculpture, the only marble he took with him when forced to flee during the Gordon Riots of 1780.



hard-headed king, Louis IX of France, who paid 135,000 livres for the Crown of Thorns in 1239. In commercial terms this makes the 1.3 million florins paid by the Rijksmuseum for van Meegeren's *The Washing of Christ's Feet* seem like chicken-feed.

Ecclesiastical forgery has, of course, a long history. The forged Donation of Constantine was the legal basis of the medieval papacy's claim to the West. This letter was allegedly sent from the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, to the Pope, granting him secular power over the Western Empire. It was already being quoted by Adrian I in 777 and was used, for example, by Adrian IV when he granted Ireland to Henry II in 1155. From the Anglo-Saxon period onward, writs and charters were frequently forged by members of religious houses, even those as prestigious as Westminster Abbey, in order to gain privileges and even lands for their community. Relic-mongering of the 14th and 15th centuries might then seem merely a natural development of ecclesiastical forgery.

Literary fakes have various levels of sophistication and purpose. James Macpherson's forgeries of the poems of

Ossian have perhaps done more damage to our understanding of the culture of the "Celtic" west than almost anything else. Macpherson created a vision of the Scottish past which was soon to influence Iolo Morgan's forgeries of Welsh poetry, and which helped to create the fog that envelops the genuine and the spurious in the mists of Celtic nationalism. John Payne Collier's 19th-century invention of a "contemporary corrector" who had amended a copy of the Second Folio was so vicious that he may have corrupted Shakespeare's texts for ever.

What of the collector's reaction to the faker's art? Few people are able to resist a bargain; everybody is subject to wish-fulfilment fantasies and hopes to find a masterpiece in the family garage. But such chances are rare.

The first rule of collecting is to examine every potential acquisition from every point of view. We must question not only the content and appearance of an object, but also our own attitude as we consider it. If an object is offered at a bargain price, the questions must be very exacting, as they must be if it is not offered by a reputable dealer or if we wish to challenge the dealer's judgment. The

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Christian Orthodox artists copied established religious images. The *Mother of God of Smolensk*, left, is a 17th-century Russian copy of the Icon of the *Mother of God Hodegetria* (She who shows the Way) believed to have been painted from life by St Luke. The Smolensk icon was credited with turning back Napoleon in 1812, and was itself much copied. The 18th-century engraver, architect and antiquarian G.-B. Piranesi was less than frank about the degree of modern infill (approx 70 per cent) used on this classical vase, below, which he "restored".

early in the century and was disposed of by the Ashmolean Museum; in the early 1950s it was acquired by the British Museum as a consequence of a detailed scientific study of the composition of early medieval niello.

The Vinland Map, which predates Columbus and yet depicts north-east America, has perhaps the biggest question-mark suspended over it: it is half rehabilitated, having been declared a fake in 1972.

Possibly the strangest of all is the Berlin *Flora*, a wax bust once attributed to Leonardo but later claimed to have been made in 1846 by R.C. Lucas. Art-historians are now generally agreed that it was made neither by Lucas nor by Leonardo, but they are still uncertain whether it was made in the 16th, 18th or early 19th century.

Is there not a hint of delight in the possibility that the specialists in thermoluminescence dating may have got it wrong when they declared the Glozel objects (said to be 10,000 years old) as dating between 700BC and AD100? These objects (some 500 of them) were found at Glozel in the Auvergne in 1924 and included a vast amount of unique and rather horrible pottery, clay tablets inscribed with a fantastic and uninterpretable script, together with decorated pebbles and bones. The finds were declared forgeries by an international commission in 1927 and partially rehabilitated by the French in the following year. Thermoluminescence tests in 1974 proposed the new date. Since then scientists have been squabbling about an assemblage which most archaeologists dismiss as unlikely—if not impossible. We shall hear more of these extraordinary objects in 1991, when new dates are to be proposed by French geologists.

In the BM exhibition there will be seen the sorry spectacle of the expert confounded: his infallibility has been put to the test and found, in some cases, wanting. It may be amusing to see the expert toppled on his backside, but the banana skin awaits us all: *caveat emptor!* □



more important the find, the greater the need for caution—as witness the "Hitler" diaries. In all acquisition we must look for signs of restoration and learn to distinguish between restoration and forgery. In this spirit we must learn to distinguish copies from fakes. In ancient Rome or China, for example, it is sometimes not clear which is which. Modern replicas sold so successfully in museum shops are equivalent to such copies. They give great pleasure but if passed off as genuine will lose mana.

Every curator and every dealer works—or should work—by the ground rules just outlined. The BM exhibition emphasises these rules. Almost all specialists, however, are capable of making mistakes of attribution, and many quirky cases point the moral.

Perhaps some of the greatest question-marks are appended to objects which are almost too good to be true: the famous crystal skull in the British Museum, for example, long thought to be pre-Columbian and Mexican, is now uncomfortably in limbo as nobody dares claim this most remarkable piece. On another level the ninth-century Anglo-Saxon Fuller Brooch was declared a fake

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Since the 1970s there has been a sharp drop in the size of Atlantic walrus herds. Now, say photographers Bryan and Cherry Alexander, who have specialised in the Arctic for 20 years, there is a further threat to these creatures' survival: since trade in elephant ivory has now been banned, their tusks may become the poacher's next target.

WALRUS BEWARE

Thirty miles off the coast of south-west Alaska lies Round Island, a forbidding, storm-lashed cluster of cliffs rising precipitously out of the Bering Sea. Seemingly endless days of rain and storm-force winds hardly enhance its charm, but if you are among the lucky few who have seen it in a rare moment of brilliant sunshine you cannot help but be impressed by its rugged beauty. In summer its cliffs are crowded with colonies of guillemots, kittiwakes and puffins. No trees grow there but much of the island is covered in lush, waist-high grass which acts as cover for foxes. Yellow poppies, wild lavender, geraniums and forget-me-nots are abundant. But what makes Round Island really special are the animals which visit its beaches.

Each year several thousand walruses haul their immense, bulky bodies out of the sea to spend summer months basking on the rocks. With their bristling moustaches and bloodshot eyes they are unnervingly like bewhiskered elderly gentlemen. Their deep, regular grunts mingle with the cry of the seabirds.

All the walruses on Round Island, Alaska's largest "haul-out," are male and most are sexually mature. The females with whom they will mate are hundreds of miles farther north on floes at the edge of the pack ice, nursing their calves and foraging. Why it is that these males, who fight fiercely during the mating season, should choose to congregate together in such an amicable

way remains something of a mystery.

They are clearly very sociable animals, never more so than in July when they cram their flabby pink bodies together in every conceivable position, at a far greater density than even holiday-makers on a Benidorm beach. They are very gregarious and when some go off to sea on their seven- to 10-day feeding binges those left behind on the island fill in the gaps by huddling closer together.

Perhaps this proximity helps walruses to feel less vulnerable. Certainly they have several predators, and none more dangerous than man, who has exploited them for many hundreds of years. Modern hunting equipment and methods, variations in the food chain, noise and other forms of disturbance (especially from boats and aircraft) have all played a role in the alarming drop in the size of herds. In the mid-1970s, for example, as many as 15,000 animals could be seen on Round Island; now this figure has dropped to 4,000.

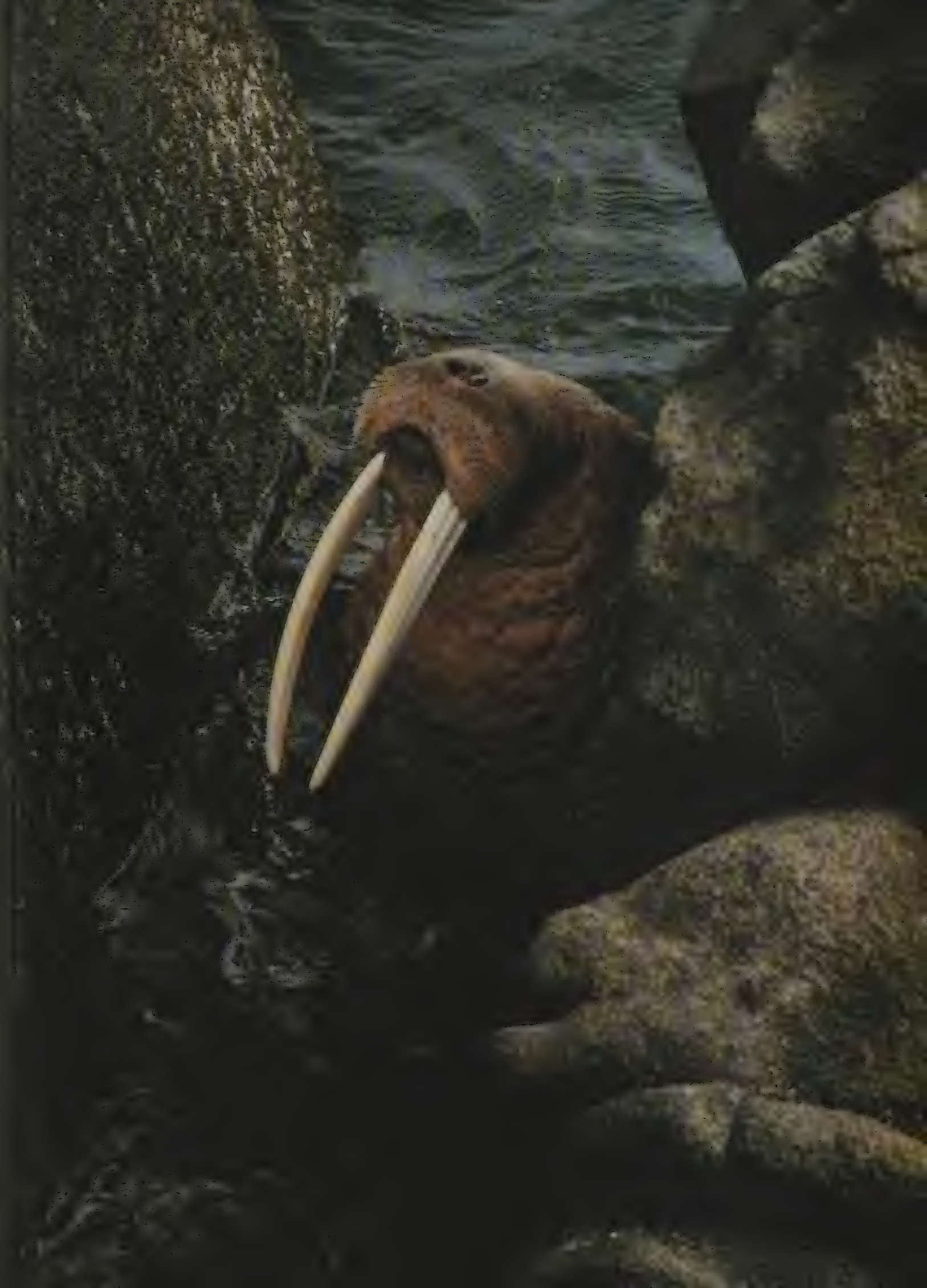
To the native peoples of the north a walrus has for centuries been a floating department store. An average animal provides more than 1,000lb of lean and very tasty meat. Clams found in their stomachs have long been a delicacy among the Polar Inuits of Greenland. In addition to food a walrus provides blubber for light and heat. Its hide provides a covering for *umiaks* (skin boats), leather traces, straps and whips. Its ivory tusks make harpoons, sled runners, kayak

paddle tips, needles, sun goggles, tools, carvings and toys. Its intestines make windows, waterproof clothing and containers. Even the bone from a walrus's penis has had its uses; three of them are used as legs for a hunting stool with a walrus's shoulder blade to form the seat.

Although in former times the walrus was more crucial to the survival of the Inuits than it is today, the size of the catch was severely limited by their primitive technology. But high-powered rifles and motorised transport have enabled the modern Inuit to over-exploit the herd. In most areas where subsistence walrus hunting occurs today there are quotas or other regulations aimed at preventing this. These quotas have helped to replace the effects of some of their old taboos. For example, the Inuit would never kill a walrus on or near an *uglit* (land haul-out) for they believed that other walruses would shun a place where any of their group had been killed.

Hunting restrictions have proved effective in such areas as the Thule district of north-west Greenland where local Inuit hunters introduced their own regulations to conserve walrus and other game. It is illegal to hunt from snowmobiles, and all winter hunting must be done by dog-sled. This perpetuates the need to kill walrus for meat and not just

Round Island near Alaska is a major haul-out for walruses; opposite and following pages.







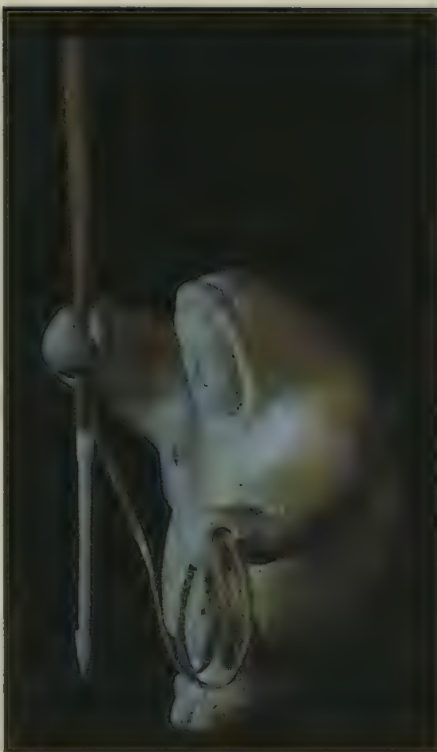
for ivory. The hunters must also harpoon the walrus before killing it with a rifle, which eliminates the possibility of dead animals sinking before they can be retrieved and of wounded animals escaping only to die later. In other areas of the Arctic, where hunters shoot before harpooning walruses, hunting wastage is very high and at least one animal is lost for each one retrieved.

Europeans, too, have exploited the walrus for centuries. Hakluyt, a 16th-century observer, is quoted as saying, "Leather dressers take them [walrus hides] to be excellent good to make light targets [shields] against the arrows of the savages. Also, the teeth of sayd fishes . . . have been sold in England to the combe and knife makers for a price two times that offered for elephant tusks." In more recent times walrus leather was used for making suitcases, purses, buffing wheels, and belts for driving machinery. Commercial hunters, whose aim was to kill as many animals as possible, viewed the walrus as a poor cousin to the whale, which provided valuable oil and bone, and the seal with its coveted pelt.

Walruses belong to the same family as seals and sea-lions. All three are pinnipeds, which refers to their webbed, fin-like feet. But though there are many species of seals and sea-lions, there is only one species of walrus, which is composed of two subspecies, the Atlantic walrus and the Pacific walrus.

The Pacific walrus (estimated population around 135,000) is found off the shores of eastern Siberia and Alaska. It tends to be somewhat more robust and have larger tusks than the Atlantic walrus (estimated population under 20,000) which is found in the Arctic waters of Canada, Greenland, Norway and the western Soviet Union.

Before the days of modern commercial



The Inuits have traditionally carved figurines and toys from walrus tusks. They are now valuable collectors' items.

hunting, walruses, particularly the Atlantic walrus, were not only more numerous but also ventured farther afield. Historically they were found as far south as Canada's Gulf of St Lawrence and the southern coast of Nova Scotia. They were also common off the Norwegian coast and were frequent visitors to Scottish waters until the early 1920s. They have on occasion been seen as far south as the North Sea coasts of Holland

Inuit carvings provide a fascinating insight into life in the Arctic.

and Germany. Today, the Atlantic walrus is plentiful in only three areas: northern Hudson Bay and Foxe Basin in the eastern Canadian Arctic and the Thule district of north-west Greenland.

Commercial hunters were responsible for virtually wiping out the entire walrus population of Bear Island and Spitsbergen. One of the worst instances of slaughter occurred in 1852 when 16 men landed on a tiny island off the coast of Spitsbergen's Edgoya. They used lances to attack the several thousands of walruses they found there, killing 900. The weather, however, deteriorated and the hunters left before they even had time to remove most of the tusks. A visitor to the site six years after the massacre found carcasses piled two and three deep and the whole island was pervaded with an overpowering smell of rotten flesh. Walruses have not been seen using that haul-out since.

Although walruses appear awkward and ungainly on land as they heave their massive bodies over rocks, in water they are remarkably agile and can reach speeds up to 6 mph. They usually feed in groups and can dive for up to 10 minutes and to a depth of 250 feet.

From time to time the remains of seals have been found in walrus stomachs, an indication that they eat carrion. However there is also evidence to suggest that some walruses, albeit a small percentage, become predators. The Inuit on Baffin Island have repeatedly seen walruses catch seals with their foreflippers. The Danish explorer Peter Freuchen noted in 1935 that the Cape York Eskimos of north-west Greenland "fish" for walrus using dead seals as bait.

Although walruses enjoy marine worms, sea cucumbers, snails and crabs, their main food consists of molluscs such as clams. For a long time it was assumed that they dug them from the sea bed with





their tusks, cracked them with their teeth and spat out the broken shells before eating the soft flesh. Research has now shown that the walrus uses its bristly snout to dig for food on the sea bed in much the same way as pigs root for truffles in a forest. Scientists believe that the walrus is able to remove a clam from its shell by means of its own "vacuum pump", with the oral cavity acting as a cylinder and the tongue as a piston. Their tusks are hardly involved when they eat but serve primarily as tools for maintaining breathing holes in the ice and for hauling themselves up on to ice

Great Inuit hunters stalk their prey alone, with an apprentice; the rest band together in a group.

floes. They play a role in social dominance, much like antlers on a deer: the larger the tusks and body, the higher the animal's status. Walruses also use their tusks in aggressive displays and to defend themselves and their calves against predators, such as killer whales.

*An illustration from
Cook's Voyages, entitled
Chevaux de Mer.*



Walrus calves are most commonly born in late April or early May, during the spring migration, and weigh from 85lb to 140lb. They are completely dependent on milk throughout their first 12 months and are not weaned until towards the end of their second year. Sexual maturity usually occurs at six years in males and four years in females, though most females do not breed until six or seven years of age.

A calf usually accompanies its mother for up to three years. Cows make every effort to protect their offspring from danger, and often carry dead calves away from hunters. Young males will push dead and badly wounded animals, often larger than themselves, off an ice floe and out of reach of the hunters.

Female walruses reach their maximum weight of 2,000lb when they are eight or nine years old; the males continue growing until they are 14 or 15 years of age and can weigh up to 2 tons. A walrus's average lifespan is 35 years, but due to constant and selective hunting, as well as other environmental factors, it is, sadly, doubtful whether many walruses survive to die of old age.

And now, with the ban on elephant ivory becoming more and more effective, there may be even greater pressure to hunt the walrus indiscriminately for tusks. Many early European ivory objects are made from walrus tusks and it is to be hoped that we shall not see a return to this deplorable practice □

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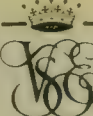
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AMBASSADORS OF ELEGANCE

Italy's ambassador to Britain, Boris Bianchieri and his wife, Flavia, have made their country's treasure-laden embassy into a family home. By Olinda Adeane.

The style of the Italian Embassy's Residence at 4, Grosvenor Square is a complete contrast to the contemporary design of the United States Embassy opposite. Number Four is the only building in the square to retain both its gracious 18th-century façade and its original function as an elegant family residence.

The area in which it stands is now built-up but was once farming land belonging to Westminster Abbey and constituted the Manor of Ebury. It was then, for a while, Crown property until 1623, when James I resold it to a private purchaser. In 1725 Sir Richard Grosvenor began developing what he intended to be one of the largest squares in London, encompassing 6 acres. He had inherited the estate through his father's marriage to the heiress Mary Davies. His plans were both ambitious and avant-garde: they called for a strict unity of architectural design on each side of the square. The eastern side, which was completed by 1733, consisted of seven houses, Number Four being the central and largest, whose formal features were echoed in the units at either end of the row in order to create the illusion that the entire block was but one single, palatial building. This was a whole new departure for street architecture.

Unfortunately the glamour and size of Number Four made it difficult to sell and in 1740 the builder, John Simmons, finally disposed of its lease in a lottery which was won by the Ninth Duke of Norfolk. The ownership then passed through the family of the First Marquis of Rockingham, his son Charles (Prime Minister in 1765 and again in 1782) and then to his nephew William Wentworth Fitzwilliam. It remained in the Fitzwilliam

family until 1930 when they sold their rights back to the landlords, the Grosvenors. It was handed over to the Italian State on a 200-year lease by Hugh Grosvenor, Duke of Westminster, in 1931.

The interior conversion in a classical contemporary style was carried out under the supervision of the first ambassador in residence, Dino Grandi. Three Italian experts, Modigliani, Tarchiani and Hermanin, selected a total of 50 paintings, representative of every period. Many of these items were returned to Italy after the Second World War (including works by Botticelli, Titian, Veronese and Rubens). However other purchases were made, the splendid tapestries, furniture and carpets remained, and today whatever the eye rests on is still immensely pleasing. There is no indication of the feverish activity of the staff of 50 who are employed in the Chancery at 14, Three Kings Yard, which is linked by a corridor with the ambassador's study. And, apart from the red-liveried butler, there is no sign either of the household staff of 10.

As in the best of private houses, on arrival one is aware only of an atmosphere of harmony achieved through a gradual accumulation of art treasures. In the entrance hall, spirits soar at the sight of a huge marble table, inlaid with lapis lazuli, which once stood in the Palazzo Venezia and now provides a resting-place for the hats and gloves of visiting dignitaries. This is the appeal; everything is cherished, yet without a hint of the museum. The welcoming ambience is generated by the friendliness and charm of its current inhabitants.

"It is always a problem, especially in such a well furnished, decorated and equipped embassy as this, to add a personal touch and make the place feel like somebody's home and not nobody's home," observes the ambassador, Boris Bianchieri. Although the family have

The Italian ambassador, Boris Bianchieri, and his wife Flavia, at home at 4, Grosvenor Square.



private apartments on the third floor, Signor Bianchieri says that most of the objects throughout the rest of the house are his own personal belongings. "It is the great merit of English houses generally that, however grand and spacious, they are not forbidding", he says, "but have, instead, a more intimate quality."

Since their arrival in London two years ago, Boris and Flavia Bianchieri have brought that more intimate quality to their entertaining and have become known for their enthusiasm of approach and stimulating company.

The ambassador is a career diplomat, "eclectic by definition", from a diplomatic family. His mother was Russian and he was brought up to speak most European languages, although he admits to only "kitchen Russian". After reading law and, subsequently, politics, he entered the diplomatic corps. In 1972 he came to London as political counselor to ambassador Raimondo Manzini.

"It was a very exciting time indeed. Society was very different, less prosperous and confident. Britain had just come into the Common Market and it had been a fundamental point in Italian policy to have Britain in. Europe was then only a question mark. Today European questions are again occupying the front page and it is a very interesting time to return to London." His first post as ambassador was to Tokyo, where he spent four years.

His wife, Flavia, is not exactly a typical career diplomat's wife. She finds it essential to pursue her own interests as well and not become weighed down with the domestic detail of what she calls, with laughing emphasis, "embassy life". Her upbringing was also diplomatic—her stepfather was ambassador to Nicaragua—but she followed an academic career as a professor of German literature as well as becoming a literary critic. Signora Bianchieri still likes to cover certain cultural events: she wrote about the 1988 Henry Moore retrospective at the Royal Academy and the Eisenstein exhibition at the Hayward Gallery.

She is extremely attractive, not at all an archetypal bluestocking, in the Valentino clothes that she favours for the evening and the Armani, Versace and Max Mara ("very accessible") that she chooses for daytime wear. She is amazed at the sheer number of clothes required for the different occasions they attend but admits that it is no hardship to be patriotic when Italian design is so good. She organises her appearance with the

Top, the hall has a massive inlaid marble table. The staircase, left, has a carved handrail and is hung with important tapestries.



The table set for an informal meal in the Venetian Drawing Room. The pine panelling sets off this room's 18th-century furnishings.

same professional consideration and lightness of touch that she brings to her work at the embassy.

In Japan Signora Bianchieri turned her attention to oriental art and wrote a book about the influence of Japanese culture on 20th-century European art, an achievement she dismisses airily: "It's a pretty narrow field of research." In London she has completed a course on ceramics and spends mornings at Sotheby's gaining practical experience of the subject. "If you really want to do something, you find the time," she says.

Their two children are very much part of embassy life. Their 18-month-old daughter, Natalie, can be heard gurgling in the passages and their son, Niccolo, is intrigued by all the activity. He is now eight, attending Hill House School, but

on Fridays he has the afternoon off and can throw himself into the fray. "He is currently learning to wait at table. Who knows what may come in useful in life!" laughs his mother. On Sundays they study some Italian history and geography together, to keep him in touch with his cultural heritage.

It would seem that to some extent embassies everywhere follow a common pattern, but the Bianchieris are finding their time in London very different from their stay in Japan. "Japan is a difficult job in that trade problems could be described as overwhelming," explains

Signor Bianchieri. "Economy rather than politics dominates the work."

In Britain, where the two countries are members of the same European community, their leaders and ministers have more frequent meetings, for which much preparation is required. In London the emphasis is also very much on culture and, of course, on the city's large and well-established Italian community. "Although the bureaucratic needs of this community are handled by the consul-general, the embassy still provides a foyer for the great number of associations both trade and cultural. There are more than 110 different British-Italian societies, each with an active life, organising meetings, dinners, dances, fund-raising, and all quite pleased if their ambassador can attend." Many of these different



Top, a 16th-century Florentine tapestry by Francesco d'Ubertino, featuring grotesques. Above, an early-18th-century lacquered bureau made in Venice, which is to be found in the Blue Room.

factions are regional; there is even a society for people from a particular valley in the Emilia-Romagna region.

Curiously, the establishment of an Italian Embassy is a relatively recent event. Until the states of the Italian peninsula united in 1861, the different areas of the peninsula were represented by various legations. The most important of these was probably that of the Kingdom of Sardinia, whose legation in the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields was in a street still named Sardinia Street. The Unification of Italy did not thrill many other major capitals, who all had dynastic axes to grind, but London hailed the crowning of Italy's first King, Victor Emmanuel II, with enthusiasm. The Marchese d'Azeglio was the first representative of Italy to the court of St James and in 1876 the mission's status was promoted to that of embassy.

Over the decades there have been many remarkable ambassadors. The years before 1914 were difficult for Italy; not only were there internal problems resulting from Unification, but also complex diplomatic negotiations in Europe which led to the formation of alliances and to the First World War. The London post was considered a key one and out of 10 successive Italian Ambassadors (over a period of 30 years) five already held, or were later to hold, the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is not difficult to understand why regional character remains important in Italian life. How best to entertain in a manner which is representative of them all? The chef, Gennaro Grella, manages to accomplish this because of his great experience in the best hotels throughout Italy and, although he is only 28 years old, his reputation is already considerable. "Choosing the wine provides a very good way of balancing the meal," explains the ambassador. "It would be perfectly possible for the wine to come

from the same area as the food but this is not always advisable. I would not, however, give a dinner with three wines from the same region. I try to be fair, but one is always a little biased," he admits, "and I do come from the north!"

The Bianchieris are also sensitive to the tastes of those whom they entertain. "For instance," says the ambassador's wife, "the other night we had Prince and Princess Michael of Kent to dinner. We wanted it to be an elegant occasion but not too formal, so we created a number of small tables for the 40 guests. A few days before we had the conductor Giulini, who doesn't care for big groups, so we had just a small dinner for 12 upstairs. Yesterday I had a very amusing ladies' lunch for a famous Italian actress who is currently staying with us."

There is, naturally, always a stream of house guests, whose time sometimes needs organising for them. The Bianchieris somehow remain enthusiastic guides to and custodians of the house, patiently explaining the origins of a tapestry or sharing details about their favourite works of art. The ambassador's wife particularly admires the symbolism and thought-provoking qualities of a tapestry which hangs at the top of the first flight of stairs, *Allegory of the Night*, produced by Piero Ferever between 1630 and 1640 in the Medici workshop. She considers that the most important part of her own work is to remain relaxed and unworried, "Otherwise, in such beautiful but rather palatial surroundings, people may not feel at their ease."

As I leave the embassy, preparations are taking place for a literary prize-giving that evening which will be held in the Adam Room on the first floor. The room is resplendent, with its pristine stucco ceiling, fine Savonnerie carpet, and tapestries from the Gobelin factory. Signora Bianchieri is arranging the flowers with her young florist, whose small baby is asleep in a sling around her neck. With minute attention to detail, they manoeuvre the displays to best reflect the tone of a painting or to allow eye contact over the flowers. The ambassador is on the telephone tackling some slight oversight about the chairs required for the soirée: apparently the number of guests is twice that anticipated. There is a certain, typically Italian, sense of confusion and excitement.

Suddenly there is a deafening din from the adjoining room. A loud, sonorous voice is practising a pompous speech over a loudspeaker. The ambassador's wife races to persuade the over-zealous performer to rehearse more quietly and discovers that it is her son Niccolo who, urged on by laughing, red-liveried footmen, is just trying out the equipment! □



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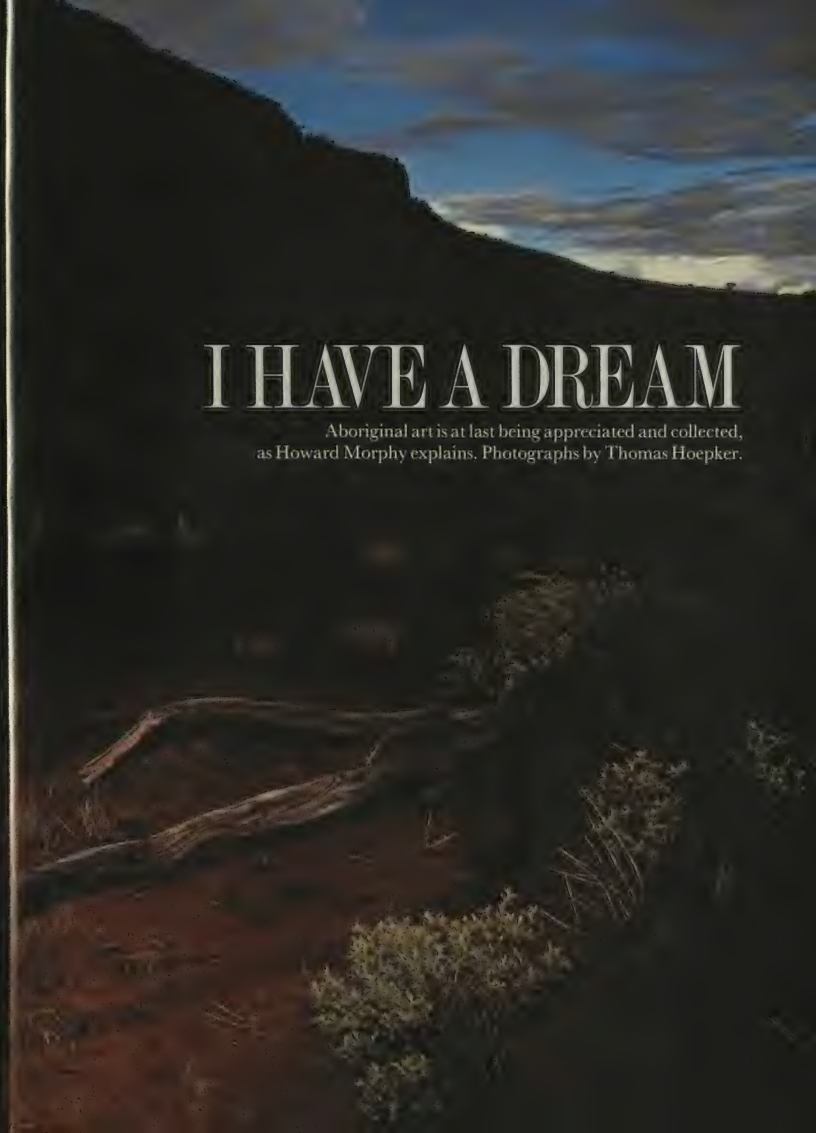
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plant purrs a gentle muted growl, and it's at these speeds that you really get a chance to appreciate the exquisite detail of the finish. Burr walnut flawlessly finished, discreetly follows the contours of the dash board and doors. For a while you may be forgiven for reminiscing, 'this was how all cars used to be built'; then you remember the engine, and how it wants to be driven. Touch the throttle and the response is instant, the engine note deepens and the car leaps forward, developing at the red line that wonderfully satisfying rasp, so characteristic of a pure bred Italian. 62 mph is

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I HAVE A DREAM

Aboriginal art is at last being appreciated and collected, as Howard Morphy explains. Photographs by Thomas Hoepker.

During the last few years of the 20th century Aboriginal art has suddenly become fashionable. Exhibitions travel the world, stopping off in New York, Chicago, Paris and Tokyo to be viewed by ever more enthusiastic audiences. Aboriginal designs, executed in mosaic, dominate the forecourt of the New Parliament House in Canberra, and dealers compete with one another to purchase and display works by leading artists. Aboriginal art is appreciated not only for its aesthetics but also for its metaphysics. The mysterious realm of the Dreaming, where spiritual values appear to be vested in the land and in an awed respect for the world of nature, has struck a chord with late-20th-century capitalism. Aboriginal art appears to be on the verge of triumph; yet the most remarkable thing is that it has survived at all.

The earliest record we have of the purchase by a European of an Aboriginal bark painting dates back to the beginning of this century when the pioneer anthropologist Sir Baldwin Spencer visited Oenpelli in western Arnhem in the tropical north. Oenpelli then was at the frontier of European colonisation, where penetration had stopped. In some ways it has remained on the frontier. Beyond Oenpelli lies Arnhem Land, which, apart from a few mission stations and latterly the mining town of Nhulunbuy, is still Aboriginal land. Oenpelli lies on a lagoon in the Alligator Rivers flood plain, beneath the ancient walls of the Arnhem Land escarpment. In the wet season the plains are flooded and the Aborigines used to retreat into the escarpment where the rock walls became the canvasses for their art. For more than 20,000 years Aboriginal people have painted in styles that together make this the longest continuing tradition of painting anywhere in the world.

Spencer was the guest of Paddy Cahill, buffalo shooter and cattleman, who lived at Oenpelli with his wife. He employed Aborigines from the local Kakadu tribe to work his station. They lived for much of the year in huts made of stringy bark, and on the inside of the walls they painted designs similar to those on the rock walls. Spencer could not take rock paintings back to Melbourne but he could take sheets of bark, and with sticks of tobacco he negotiated the purchase of the very huts in which people were living. In this way the National Museum of Victoria began its great collection of bark paintings, leaving the Aborigines to rebuild their huts and presumably repaint the walls. The ephemeral paintings on bark had begun their long

journey to recognition as works of art. When one looks at the visual splendour of Aboriginal art displayed in the National Gallery in Canberra and considers the demand from the growing body of collectors around the world, it is hard to imagine that a mere 35 years ago Aboriginal art went largely unrecognised. Until after the Second World War there were few exhibitions, and little interest was shown by Western artists. While the arts of the indigenous peoples of Africa, America and the Pacific Islands gained increasing recognition, Aboriginal art was almost deliberately overlooked. It is significant that the paintings which Spencer collected remained in a natural history museum, exhibited as an ethnographic curiosity, unappreciated as art. Why was Aboriginal art hidden for so long?

Part of the reason for its invisibility was that as religious art much of it was literally hidden from the outsider. It was often produced in the secret context of the men's or women's ceremonial ground, revealed only to initiates in the charged atmosphere of religious ritual.

Another factor was that much Aboriginal art is, for a variety of reasons, uncollectable. It is painted on rocks or on the human body, it consists of sand sculptures destroyed by dancing feet at the conclusion of a ceremony, or ceremonial

constructions of wood, feather and string that are dismantled at the ritual's end. Even the more durable of public objects, such as hollow log coffins and memorial sculptures, are intended to be left in the open to be destroyed by the elements.

But similar conditions existed elsewhere in the world and yet collectors found it possible to satisfy their urge, and even if no amount of tobacco would have persuaded the Aborigines to hand over their sacred objects, less valuable items of similar aesthetic appeal were readily obtainable. The major factor preventing the recognition of Aboriginal art lay not in Aboriginal society, nor in the production of their art, but in Western thought and the constraints put on it by 19th-century evolutionary theory.

Aborigines as hunters and gatherers were thought to occupy the lowest rung of the ladder of human existence. It was assumed that they lived in a time before religion and art. White Australians looked at Aboriginal culture and recognised neither art nor religion because they expected neither to be there. They saw instead the magical action of "savages". It was not until well into the 20th century that they began to escape from the strait-jacket of evolutionary theory and Aboriginal art was revealed to them in its true complexity.

Its recognition came about through pressure from three directions. White Australian artists, beginning with Margaret Preston in the 1930s and continuing through such figures as Fairweather and Olsen, sought inspiration from Aboriginal art and introduced the art world to its aesthetics. Anthropologists used art as a way of representing the complexities of Aboriginal culture and gaining recognition for their rights. Missionaries and, later on, art dealers saw art as a source of income. In many cases Aborigines were responsive to the promotion of their art, for they, too, saw it as a means of enabling Europeans to understand their way of life and values as well as a congenial source of income—an economic activity that enabled them to maintain their autonomy and cultural identity in a world that was changing around them.

Aboriginal art has become known to the rest of the world through its incorporation into networks of dealers, collectors, galleries, exhibitions, catalogues and promotions. The most recent form to reach a wider public, the acrylic paintings of dot and circle from the western desert communities of Papunya and Yuendumu, arose directly out of this process. They represent the transfer of an ancient design system, expressed in drawings in the sand and body paintings, to the more permanent medium of

Aboriginal artist Terry Yumbulul, one of whose drawings is used on an Australian banknote, though he received no payment for his work. Previous page, Paddy Nelson at the foot of Mount Stanley, his Dreaming site—the source of his inspiration.





acrylic on canvas. They originated in the early 1970s when an art teacher at Papunya school, Geoff Barden, asked Aboriginal elders to decorate the school with traditional designs. Impressed by the results, he encouraged the men to produce more paintings, and this led to the magnificent canvases of today.

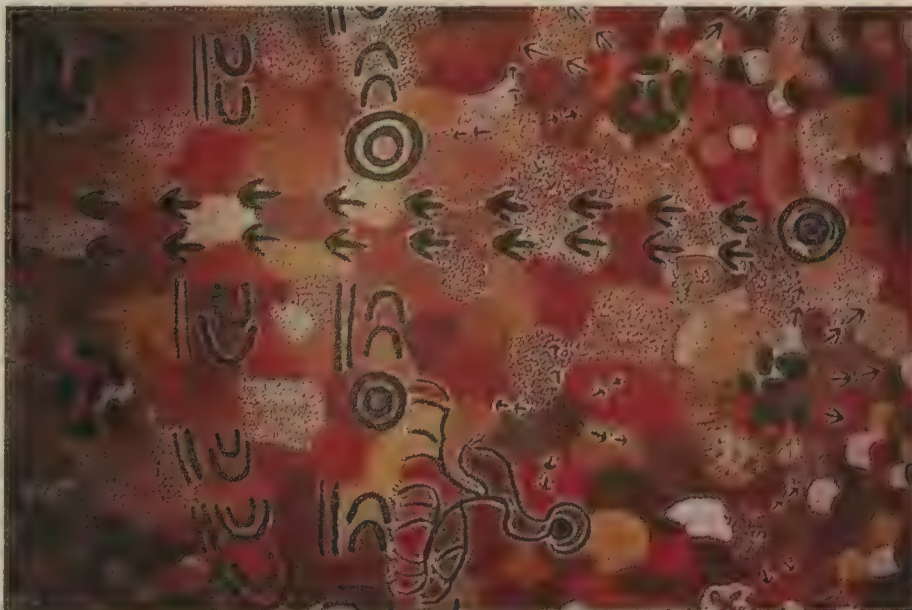
The success of western desert paintings was established, despite the prejudice of those who argued in the past that the introduction of a commercial element to the art of an indigenous society is a threat to its integrity. The old canons of the primitive-art market were that authentic primitive art was produced by "natives" uncontaminated by European contact, the only good "primitive" art was that snatched from the missionaries' fire or the bark from the hut in which they lived.

Australian Aboriginal art has managed to overcome these prejudices and create a market for itself precisely because it has remained a living tradition, whose genesis and genius is quite independent of Western art, even though it is sold to a world market. Aboriginal art has its origin in the Dreaming, in the period when the form of the world was created by the actions of mythical beings. These beings created the features of the landscape through their actions—where they walked a river-bed was formed,

where they bled a lake appeared, and where they died a hill was formed in the shape of their body. The landscape became a picture of their lives.

But as well as creating the landscape they created the paintings, dances and songs that celebrate their achievements and represent their passage across the surface of the earth. The land mapped their actions and the paintings, in turn, map the land, for the paintings represent

Above, working on the ground outside her house in Yuendumu, an Aboriginal artist paints a traditional cradle. Below, Fire Dreaming, painted by a group of female artists from Yuendumu, hangs in the South Australian Museum in Adelaide.





Above, John Mundine, curator of Aboriginal art at the Gallery of New South Wales in Sydney, displays Aboriginal work at Ramangining, where some of the country's best bark painters live. Below, Jimmy Wululu, with his painting Grasshopper Dreaming.

the features of the country and the journeys that connect them—the “song-lines” of Bruce Chatwin’s book. But the paintings not only represent the mythical beings and their journeys, they are extensions of them into the present. They are the patterns that these ancestral beings used to decorate their own bodies and they have the potential to transmit ancestral power. Used in ritual, paintings not only impart knowledge of the

Dreaming but also place people in direct contact with the spiritual domain. In mortuary rituals, for example, the painting on a coffin will enable the spirit of the dead to establish contact with the ancestral beings and become re-incorporated within the Dreaming.

At Maningrida or Ramangining in central Arnhem Land or at Papunya or Yuendumu in central Australia, paintings and designs on objects and people are used as much today as ever they were. The production of art for sale has provided another context for creating it but has not replaced existing ones. In intervals between painting a coffin lid for a dead relative, an Arnhem Land artist like Jimmy Wululu may take up his brush again to put the finishing touches to a painting destined for exhibition in Melbourne or Tokyo. Nothing in the form of the painting tells of its ultimate destination. Aboriginal artists paint for two worlds just as they live in two worlds, and although this can put considerable pressure on their communities, introducing stress-related problems into family life and health, it has given a dynamism to the art that ensures its continuing appeal.

Aboriginal art has always had a political dimension. Paintings are the sacred property of clans that establish their





rights in land. Paintings were given by the ancestral beings as a sign of the ownership of the land they had created, and in keeping alive the memories of the ancestral arts, through producing paintings in ceremonies, people were asserting their rights in land. It was therefore natural for the people of Yirrkala, when their land was threatened in 1963 with the development of a bauxite mine, to send the government in Canberra a petition framed by painting on bark. The "bark petition" became a symbol of the Aboriginal peoples' struggle for their land, and its message ultimately led to the land-rights legislation being passed for the people of Yirrkala and other groups in the Northern Territory.

In 1988, Australia's bicentennial year, Arnhem Land Aborigines produced another dramatic work of art which had as much impact as the earlier bark petition. The artists of Ramangining made 200 hollow log coffins for exhumed bones as a memorial to all those Aborigines who had died during the period of colonial history. Set in the National Gallery in Canberra, the Memorial will be a perpetual reminder of what Aboriginal people lost through the creation of Australia. It is also a statement of optimism, a visible reminder of the survival of Aboriginal culture and

the contribution that it will make to Australia's future.

Since the 1960s there has been a tremendous growth in awareness of the Aborigines, especially among Australians in the southern cities, many of whom, 30 years ago, were ignorant of their existence. Aboriginal art has played a vital role in this appreciation.

□ The author is a curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum in Oxford.

Above, 200 hollow log coffins in the National Gallery, Canberra, made by the artists of Ramangining to commemorate 200 years of suppression suffered by the Aborigines. Below, bark paintings by John Dalngard Dalnga of Maningrida.





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THE FABULOUS MICHELLE PFEIFFER

George Perry
traces the career of the
Californian beauty
queen who has become a
top star of the 90s.



TERRY O'NEILL

It would be easy enough on studying her antecedents to regard Michelle Pfeiffer as just another Hollywood blonde who has struck lucky. She is a former shop-girl and Californian beauty queen who can today routinely expect to earn at least \$1 million every time she appears on the screen. Nor is she short of work; in the last two years she has starred in half a dozen films, an output that may have seemed unremarkable in the 30s when the studio contract system prevailed, but today, when the good parts are thinly spread among the many contenders, is positively prodigious. She enters the 90s as a top female movie star.

Why should she be regarded any differently from her contemporaries? Her looks are an asset in some respects, but can also be a handicap to her serious acting intentions. Someone long ago called her "drop-dead gorgeous"; she has the honey-toned skin, swan neck, high cheekbones and blue-green eyes that generate excitement among photographers, but can also distract an audience from her acting skills.

Jonathan Demme, director of *Married to the Mob*, her last film to be shown in Britain, says: "She has such an overwhelming face that people have tended to cast her the way they do because of the way she looks." She says in a self-deprecating tone: "I don't know that I've ever felt that I was extraordinary looking. In fact, I know that I am not. If

anything, I've always felt that I was conventionally pretty, which is an asset in some ways, and in some ways not. It's a really hard subject to talk about."

On March 9 her latest film opens in London and she has won accolades for her performance, including the Golden Globe's Best Actress Award, which makes her a strong Oscar contender. It is *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, the first feature directed by a young screenwriter, Steve Kloves. It is a wry comedy in which Pfeiffer plays an escort girl who joins the jaded cocktail-lounge piano team of Jeff and Beau Bridges as their vocalist in the hope that she can revive their dated act. American audiences have been stunned by her rendering of Cole Porter's "Makin' Whoopee", in which, in a tight red velvet dress, she writhes atop Jeff Bridges's Steinway. It is as though Jessica, the voluptuous cartoon wife of Roger Rabbit, had come to life. There is no voice double; she does her own singing, having had intensive coaching.

In contrast, she will next be seen opposite Sean Connery in the adaptation written by Tom Stoppard of John le Carré's *glasnost* thriller, *The Russia House*, much of which was shot on location in Moscow and Leningrad. She plays Katya, who attempts to smuggle the notes of a scientist (Klaus Maria Brandauer) to the West, and falls in love with a British publisher (Connery). The part requires her to speak Russian. "I've done

dialects before," she says, "but I'm playing somebody from a completely different culture."

Very different indeed. Michelle Pfeiffer was born on April 29, 1958, in Southern California, living until the end of her teens with her parents in Midway City, a faceless lower-middle-class district of Orange County, to the north of Huntington Beach. A few miles to the east is Orange County's most famous feature, Disneyland; otherwise the area is flat, monotonous suburbia, its long, straight, intersecting boulevards progressing for mile upon mile, with small, single-storey houses filling the squares of the grid. Her father was a heating and air-conditioning contractor, and she was the second of the four children, the first of three daughters. The great city of Los Angeles, though less than an hour's drive north, was never visited, for life was self-contained within her area. She attended Fountain Valley High School and is still remembered as a bright but not exceptional pupil, particularly when the sun, sea and surfing attractions of the nearby Pacific competed for her attention.

She had no acting ambitions when she joined the school's theatre arts class just the discovery that it was an easier way to acquire her English credits than by writing essays on Henry James. Meanwhile, spurred on by her father's belief in the value of work, she engaged herself in a variety of part-time jobs, in

shops, factories and supermarkets. She graduated from high school a year early, attempted a psychology course at a nearby junior college but dropped out. At the age of 18 she found herself behind the checkout of a branch of Von's supermarket chain with nothing much to look forward to.

She was far too intelligent to submit to such a fate. Already as a teenager she looked dazzling, even though sun-burnished, smiling Californian beauties of her type were scarcely rare. Some of her friends urged her to try modelling, but she realised that only acting would satisfy her mental as well as her physical capabilities. She organised a photography session and began circulating the prints. Her first public exposure came when she won the title of Miss Orange County, a useful means of getting her picture in the local newspapers. Soon she was auditioning for television commercials, but prudently continued to hold on to her check-out job at Von's.

She also approached a Los Angeles agent, John La Rocca, who told her that she was in the wrong business. It was not just that she was beautiful, she had a sense of character, a sense of family, a sense of love. She was a deep person, he said. On money saved and borrowed she started to attend acting classes and moved to Los Angeles. Then La Rocca secured her a one-line part in *Fantasy Island*, a ludicrous television series.

In another television series called *Delta House* (a spin-off from the crude campus farce, *Animal House*) she played a character called Bombshell, who wore a tight red dress and an outrageously padded bra. She was far from happy at automatic type-casting as a sexy dimwit.

Her first film part was as the younger version of the character played by Susanah York in *Falling in Love Again*, followed by another spot in a dire work, *Charlie Chan and the Dragon Queen*. Then she fired her agent.

Installed as a client of the celebrated William Morris agency, she leapt ahead, and secured the leading role in *Grease 2*, the sequel to a successful high-school, pop-rock musical that had starred John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. It should have made her a Hollywood name, but instead of Travolta she found herself playing opposite the leaden Maxwell Caulfield. Her vivacious portrayal of Stephanie Zidone notwithstanding, *Grease 2*, like so many ill-conceived sequels, sank disastrously—which put paid to further films for a year.

She had also been sucked into a Californian religious cult ("mysticism and vegetarianism") which exercised a sinister form of thought-control over her. It is one of several topics that she is reluctant

to discuss in detail, except to say that she was rescued by her marriage to Peter Horton, the star of *thirtysomething*. Unhappily the union broke up after eight years. Currently she is unattached, although inevitably her name is linked with her leading men, such as John Malkovich and Michael Keaton, and not always accurately.

She now lives alone, except for her cat and two dogs, in Santa Monica, but her heavy workload has kept her away from home for much of the time. "I don't really like working this much," she said in Moscow on *The Russia House*, "but something comes along and you think



*Pfeiffer as the simmering singer in
The Fabulous Baker Boys.*

'This is your time.' You spent years unemployed, when you desperately wanted to work, but the opportunities weren't there, and now they are. This is the time when I am supposed to be living out of a suitcase and going to distant places."

Back in 1982 winning the role of Al Pacino's cocaine-sniffing wife in Brian de Palma's violent remake of *Scarface* was not easy. She was turned down two or three times before it was finally offered. The film, with its chain-saw brutality, was overlong and generally sickening, but at least it restarted her career. Her next film was a strange medieval fantasy, *Ladyhawke*, directed by Richard Donner, where her beauty was appropriate to her part of princess and doomed lover.

Then came two comedy films: *Into the Night*, directed by John Landis, in which she was a kooky crook's moll, and Alan Alda's *Sweet Liberty*, which required her to show two sides of the same character, a Hollywood star on location in a small New England town who alternates between wholesome heroine and termagant, depending on whether the cameras are on her.

By now she was sailing full steam ahead. She was cast as one of the three *Witches of Eastwick*, alongside Cher and Susan Sarandon, with Jack Nicholson as their Satanic master, and it was a resoundingly popular success. *Married to the Mob* followed, another comedy role, with Pfeiffer playing the disillusioned widow

of a Mafia hood who tries to turn her back on her *nouveau-riche* Long Island background with its attendant obligations, to live the simple life in a dingy lower East Side tenement. The part required her to adopt a nasal eastern twang which she achieved convincingly enough to satisfy those attuned to the distinctions of American accents. In *Tequila Sunrise*, an atmospheric thriller, she was a Californian restaurateur suspected of being involved in drug-dealing.

Stephen Frears, the British director of *Dangerous Liaisons*, an adaptation by Christopher Hampton of Choderlos de Laclos's 18th-century epistolary account of sexual intrigue among the French pre-Revolutionary aristocracy, saw her in *Married to the Mob* before casting her as Madame de Tourvel. Her performance, for which she received an Academy Award nomination, was a triumph: no trace of the Californian beauty queen showed through in her portrayal of a beautiful, saintly woman made the foil of worldly aristocrats.

Nor were the heavy 18th-century costumes and wigs a hindrance to the performance. "Once you're corsetted and your hair is all done up you kind of get into the character," she says. She went on to play Olivia in *Twelfth Night* in New York for Shakespeare in the Park, a short season which gave her experience not only in serious acting but also in withstanding the barbs of the Manhattan press, who resented the unbalancing of the play to accommodate her cinematic celebrity. She refused to allow her performance to be damaged.

Her role in *The Russia House* is easily the most demanding that she has yet attempted. She worked closely with a young Russian woman interpreter who helped her with her pronunciation and accent. "It's been a very difficult movie and working in Russia has put a lot of additional pressure on everybody," she said while on location. "I didn't know what to expect. I thought things would be orderly, but I expected more advanced technologies. Russia is not an easy country to talk about. I knew that it would be chaotic filming here, and that wasn't the fault of the Russians, it was the way the director Fred Schepisi wanted to shoot the film—shove us in among the people and roll the camera. That was difficult. Fred is a very demanding director. He really pushed me. I like directors to have strong opinions because then I have something to bounce off. I work hard. I'm very hard on myself." Such application has rewarded her with distinction and success, and the right to be regarded as a serious actress.

□ George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*.

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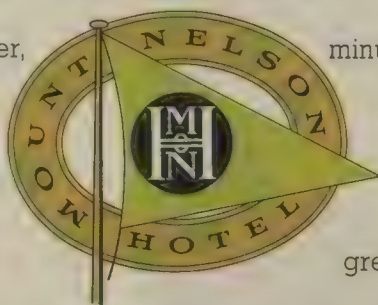
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Suzy Menkes speaks
to four fashion designers
who have found
international success creating
clothes which reflect
their glamorous lifestyles.

COUTURE'S GRAND LADIES

*Carolynne Roehm's
feather-light
pale peach silk
satin organza
blouse with crêpe
pants to match.
Opposite page, the
designer models
her evening wear.*

At a gala benefit in New York a glamorous, dark-haired socialite sweeps down a staircase entwined with flowers. Mrs Henry Kravis, wife of the mega-rich financier, has wrapped a shimmering shawl across a king's ransom of diamonds. Her slender body is encased in a midnight blue velvet sheath.

But this is not just an everyday American story of a tycoon and his socially visible wife. For Carolynne Roehm, as she is better known, is a dynamic and successful dress designer. And she and many of the other corporate wives at the charity benefit are wearing Roehm labels on their elegant gowns.

Fashion wisdom has it that male designers picture an idealised woman—and that women creators design for themselves. "Women designers dress themselves—and that has a positive and negative side," says Carolynne Roehm. "It can be too subjective, but it also means relating to the customer and understanding the pulse of the moment." Carolynne Roehm's home is an opulent duplex apartment in Manhattan, where the deep-pile luxury includes gleaming wood panelling, silk damask, and tapestries and paintings by Tissot, Winterhalter and John Singer Sargent. "The

paintings are inspiring and my home is very important to me," she says, "but I don't want fashion for art's sake. The best fabrics in the world are my luxury, but the lines are relatively simple. I don't like a lot going on in the clothes."

Despite the trappings of luxury, Roehm is a hard worker who gets up and gets going at 6 am. She set up in business six years ago, after training with Oscar de la Renta in New York, and the two have remained fast friends, travelling to India together last year.

Her basic silhouette is graceful and feminine, the day clothes with neat, short jackets nipping the waist or longer ones sculpting the body. For evening, she has absorbed from her fashion master a sense of flamboyance, tempered by the society changes she sees around her, as the *Dynasty*-style glitz of the Reagan years gives way to the more discreet 1990s.

"I like women to be seductive and I'm not interested in career dressing, although I find that day clothes are now 50 per cent of my collection, but the executive woman in a little grey suit was a thing of the 1980s. Women now have the luxury of being multi-faceted."

The Paris mansion of the Comtesse de Ribes might have been the inspiration





Left, at Jacqueline de Ribes's fabled soirées the towering flower arrangements may be matched to her outfit.

Fashion designer and hotelier, Anouska Hempel, right, favours deep, rich colours.

TERRY O'NEILL



for Carolyn Roehm. Here are the historic tapestries, the heavy damask drapes and delicate porcelains of the finest French style. And in the midst of these gracious surroundings is Jacqueline de Ribes herself, with her aristocratic profile, her elegant chignon, her upright carriage and absolute grace.

The difference is that the Comtesse de Ribes was born into France's upper crust—*le gratin*, as the French themselves call it. She is also the wife of a wealthy banker, but the family can trace its ancestry back to before the guillotine.

Most well-born French women, and especially those who marry into money and position, are content to be social hostesses. As a young wife Jacqueline de Ribes was taken up by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who lived in Paris. "She was chic, but never casual, she had rigour and restraint in dress," says de Ribes of the Duchess, and could be describing her own kind of spare style.

The Comtesse had studied as an architect, and when her children were grown-up, she decided to turn her design skills to fashion. She set up a ready-to-wear line based on the life she knew and understood: elegant *tailleurs* for day, simple knits with flannel trousers, afternoon

dress for the races in the summer, grand dresses for evening. Her clients, drawn first from her own circle, then from a wider social network, have included Princess Michael of Kent. Now the Comtesse's designs reach a far-flung audience, both in the United States and in Japan, where she has found serious investors for her business. "This new backing has given me a great deal of confidence," she says, and she is now dreaming of opening her own shop in Paris. There the Comtesse de Ribes would be able to hold court for her clothes as she already does at her fabled Paris dinner parties, where the food as well as the towering, exotic flower arrangements may be matched to the hostess's own elegant outfit.

Anouska Hempel, married to financier Sir Mark Weinberg, is a gutsy Australian with a tiny, bird-like frame. She lives and works in London, not just on her fashion collections, but also as a hostess and a hotelier—Blakes Hotel, in West London, is a mecca for artists, filmmakers and all those working in the creative professions who are looking for a home-from-home.

"There is such a close link between the hotel and the fashion business," she says. "For both, you are dealing with people

all day. I get such pleasure parcelling them up to look pretty—just as I do wrapping up beds in pretty sheets or presenting breakfast beautifully.”

Although many of the guests who stay at Blakes are friends, she insists that she does not design clothes just for a narrow band of those she knows. “I don’t think you can do that for very long,” she says. “You have to set up a market in clothes for people who don’t know you at all. I don’t think I design from a point of view of the way I live, or even as a woman. I am a strong, formal designer, and if I were designing for men it would be the same.”

Anouska Hempel favours for herself dark colours and big hats. Her interiors, too, tend to be as dark and rich as a box of luxury chocolates, although she says that Blakes has rooms which are dark and others “with polished floors as white as the sand in the outback”.

Her evening dresses are structured, grand, whimsical, made in inky velvets or wine-dark taffeta enlivened with a perky bustle or a draped feather boa. Both the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York are clients, and she is known and patronised by London’s lively social set. She has also been selling dresses off-the-peg in America through Bergdorf Goodman, but she is now planning to centre her business entirely on couture—making to measure for clients.

“It makes sense for today to give that kind of service when clothes are so expensive,” she says. “Doing a collection dovetails on the design level with doing room-set after room-set, with different colour schemes and theatrical overtones. I have to develop and become more and more sophisticated.”

The same finicky attention to detail that goes into arranging the comfort of her guests is also an essential ingredient of her clothes. Lady Weinberg has even been known to get down on her knees and polish the shiny black floor of her boutique. Does she design the rooms and dresses with herself in mind? “There is a part of me in all of it,” she says.

Laura Biagiotti is known as the Queen of Cashmere. A more perceptive title might be the Queen of Comfort. For Biagiotti represents the softest and most feminine side of Italian dressing. And she herself is a shining example of her style. Lapped in creamy cashmere, with long, honey-coloured hair, a warm smile and a generous enthusiasm for her pretty daughter, Laura Biagiotti makes clothes in her own image.

She studied architecture at Rome University and started in fashion by helping in her mother’s small clothing company. She set up her own business in 1972, bought a cashmere firm in Pisa and has never looked back. Fashion travels have taken her to China, where she

became the first Italian designer to pierce the bamboo curtain and to show the Chinese how luxurious cashmere could become the height of fashion.

Other Biagiotti trademarks are her “Bambola” or “little girl” dresses, swinging out from an unconstricting waistline, and the soft, pale colours she prefers even for gentle tweeds and tailoring.

These are the kind of clothes which might be worn by the glamorous chateleine of a baronial castle—which is precisely how Laura Biagiotti lives. Rather than working out of Italy’s high-tech fashion capital, Milan, Laura Biagiotti lives in a 14th-century castle outside Rome, where she is now creating a 36-hole, private golf club. “It was the best way I could think of preserving a green space around me,” she says. “I also believe that golf is a sport which represents a certain philosophy of life.”

Fashion, according to Laura Biagiotti, needs to undergo a fundamental change to suit the ecologically-aware 1990s. “Fashion is not just a way to dress,” she says. “It is also a way to get a positive but gentle message across about making life better, about believing in the family, in ecology and in peace and quiet. We have to change ourselves inside—but it is no longer chic for fashion to change too much.”

□ Suzy Menkes is Fashion Editor of the *International Herald Tribune*.



TERRY O'NEILL

Anouska Hempel, left, plans to centre future business entirely on couture—making to measure for her clients. Laura Biagiotti, right, chatelaine of a baronial castle outside Rome, represents the softest, most feminine side of Italian dressing.



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ONLY OLIVES

Medicinal or culinary, olives encapsulate the Mediterranean. Polly Tyrer explains how to select and use the fruit and oil. Photographs by Roger Stowell.

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THE OLIVE BRANCH



Previous page, purple Kalamata olives from Greece; crinkled, black Moroccan fruit dried and roasted in oil; stoned black olives from Italy; large black and green and pimento-stuffed green fruit from Spain.

The olive is a provident tree. Its wood is hard and beautiful when polished; its branch a historic symbol of peace. Its nutritious fruit supplies the golden olive oil which has been used for cooking, as a source of light and for medicinal purposes since the time of the ancient Greeks.

Although olives have been cultivated in California and in a few other parts of the world, it is of the Mediterranean area that the olive conjures up a picture: of groves of gnarled trees on arid land, the whitewashed buildings, sunny roadside cafés, and the aroma and tang of olive-flavoured dishes. Somehow the enjoyment of them is bound up with a love of Mediterranean food and atmosphere.

I spent several years in Spain where I came to know olive oil as the cheap local variety. Its overpowering smell came wafting from the kitchen windows as onions, peppers and garlic were briskly fried for supper. My first impression was of a flavour so strong that it took over. But I was wrong. A good, first cold-pressed extra virgin olive oil is mild and delicious. It should be used as a seasoning, dribbled on salads or on top of a casserole at the end of cooking, as its flavour is impaired by heat.

How do you make a choice from the myriad bottles, labels and different shades of green? It helps if you bear in mind that the quality of both olive and olive oil are affected, in the same way as are grape and wine, by climate, soil, rainfall and the time and method of harvesting. Some years will produce a particularly good oil, and that from a single grove will vary from year to year. Olives that have had plenty of sunshine will have a distinct, peppery flavour that tickles the throat.

The best oil is made from olives that have had the least done to them. It is the only vegetable oil that is made by simply crushing the fruit, with no further treatment required. "Cold pressed" means that the oil is extracted by purely mechanical means. The whole olives are crushed between stones in mills that are, usually, hydraulically operated.

The "first pressing" means just that—the olives have been pressed only once. "Refined" oils, those made from further pressings or pulp, need to be treated with chemicals and solvents. The colour is no indication of the oil's flavour or quality, merely a reflection of that of the fruit used.

There are strict controls over the labelling of olive oils. An oil can be called "olive" only if made purely from the fruit of the olive tree. The particular type of oil is designated by the level of oleic acid alone. All "extra virgin" olive oil must have less than 1 per cent acidity, but this does not mean that all extra virgin oil is of the same quality. The best is produced and bottled by a single grove.

The next best comes from one single region; others use olives gathered from several regions or even imported. This last is known as "commercial extra virgin". This will be reflected in flavour and cost but as long as the acidity is less than 1 per cent they can all be called "extra virgin".

"Virgin" olive oil must have not more than 1.5 per cent acidity. "Olive oil" or "pure olive oil" must have an acidity level of not more than 4 per cent. This is made of refined oil with the addition of extra virgin oil to improve the flavour. The level of extra virgin oil added varies—the cost will be a fair indication of how much or how little.

Read the label carefully. The facts *not* stated are often the most important. If the oil is the best in every way the producer will be dying to let you know—"Estate-produced and -bottled first cold pressed extra virgin olive oil", for example. But if the estate has had bad weather and the crop has suffered, imported olives may have been added to make up for a poor crop. In this case the label would read "Estate-bottled first cold pressed extra virgin olive oil".

Olives grow in abundant variety—tiny and piquant, succulent and fleshy—with a choice of colour and flavour that are of as much interest as the oil. They all start off green. As they ripen they pass through a whole range of colours, from green to brown, pink, purple and pure, shiny black. At the same time the acid and sugars slowly change to oil. Green olives tend to be the sharpest, the flavour mellowing with the colour change—worth remembering when selecting the fruit for cooking. Mild, black olives are better with fish, and sharp, green ones with meat.

After harvesting, olives are cured in brine or dry-salt cured. Green olives, because they are not yet ripe, are inedible until treated—on a small scale by many washings or, commercially, by soaking in a soda solution. To my mind the best green olives are called *partidas* or "cracked". They are smashed with a mallet or rolling-pin, cracking the flesh but not the stone, then soaked in brine. The cracking allows the brine to penetrate so the olives are cured naturally, with no soda treatment. They taste crunchy and bitter—a heavy-duty olive for connoisseurs.

Because names, mixtures and recipes for curing olives vary with the local

ITALIAN OLIVE OILS



Extra virgin olive oils: in glass far left, by Santagata of Genoa; left, a bottle of exceptionally low-acidity oil from Olivieri of La Romola, Florence; in the carafe is oil produced by Oliva, Villa Banfi, Montalcino; the right-hand glass holds an oil made by Raineri of Praela, of which only 1,800 litres is marketed each year.

traditions, it is difficult to give firm rules for buying. Some kinds worth asking for and that will be found on many delicatessen counters are Gaeta from Italy, which are black, slightly salty and full-flavoured, as are Kalamata, Greece's most notable black olive; from France come green Picholine olives, brine-cured and subtle-flavoured, and Niçoise—small, brown to black olives full of flavour but with a rather high ratio of stone to flesh. Spain and Italy vie to produce the best olives and olive oils. I think that, while Italy has the best oils, Spain would come out the winner for olives. Spanish Queens are large, usually green and firm with a slightly acid taste. Black Pearl are smooth, shiny and unvarying black with a mild flavour. Manzanillas are small, green and juicy and are favourite candidates for stuffing with pimento, almonds or anchovies. Delicious combinations are available of black or mixed olives, coated in oil and seasoned with thyme, oregano, rosemary or garlic. Look out for those that are wrinkled and oily. They have been allowed to dry out a little and have a particularly delicious and full flavour.

Stoning can be a tiresome business. Firm, green olives need to be pared with a sharp knife. Others can be cut in half and the stone picked out—or you could invest in an olive-stoner. Canned, stoned olives are worth buying for use in cooking. Their slightly inferior flavour is more than made up for by the ease of use.

Supermarkets offer a good selection of olive oil and olives, but if you are really keen on quality and choice find an interested delicatessen where you will be given advice and allowed to sample both oils and olives before buying. Some organise olive-oil tastings—a good

opportunity to educate yourself about subtle differences in flavour.

Olive oil is best stored away from direct light and in a cool place, to prevent oxidation. An old-fashioned larder is ideal. The oil will keep for three or four years but the flavour deteriorates after the first 12 months. Olives, packed in a jar containing olive oil and water, can be kept in a cool place or in the refrigerator. Drain well before serving and liven them up with a few herbs or spices.

Those marvellous Mediterranean casseroles, with their well-reduced, tomato-flavoured sauces, are enhanced by a thin top layer of olive oil and herbs, but the oil's most important role in cooking is as a dressing. Once you have tasted a salad simply tossed with a light sprinkling of balsamic vinegar and a heavy one of extra virgin olive oil (lots of oil and not much vinegar) you will never bother mixing up little jars of vinaigrette again.

The basic rule is: olive oil for frying and making casseroles, commercial extra virgin oil for dressing potatoes or hot vegetables, and extra virgin oil for dressings and seasonings. If you are not a fanatic and want to keep only one bottle in the house, commercial extra virgin oil at around £5 a litre is a good middle-of-the-road choice for most culinary needs. Ordinary olive oil is best for making mayonnaise as the flavour somehow becomes exaggerated; if it is not quite strong enough for your taste, mix it with a dash of extra virgin. Or lightly fry an omelette in commercial extra virgin oil then fill it with a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, a few black olives and slices of tomato. Also use a commercial extra virgin oil to brush lavishly over pizza dough. The dough should be shaped like a large scone, brushed with

oil, then sprinkled with coarse salt before baking for a few minutes in a hot oven. This goes well with salads, casseroles, snack dishes or just a plateful of olives.

Mediterranean cuisine is, I think, what good food should be—simple peasant dishes made with fine, fresh ingredients prepared in the simplest fashion. Research has suggested that a Mediterranean-style diet is very healthy and that cases of heart disease in that region are less numerous than in northern Europe.

The question of health and olive oil, tied up with the saturation level of fats and their effect on cholesterol levels, is complex. There was a time when olive oil was not considered good for health because it is composed of mono-unsaturated and not, as are most vegetable and nut oils, of polyunsaturated fats. Recent research has indicated that mono-unsaturates not only regulate the cholesterol level but also—particularly olive oil—are rich in high-density lipoproteins, which can reduce cholesterol.

Throughout the centuries olive oil has been used to alleviate ailments. Greek athletes anointed themselves with it to keep their muscles supple; the Romans used it to clean their bodies; today it is felt to protect against gastric ulcers, gallstones, to encourage bone growth and—more important for our modern, stress-filled lives—it is said to assist in the prevention of wear and tear on the brain □

Stockists: Fratelli Camisa, 53 Charlotte St, London W1P 1LA (255 1240); 1a Berwick St, London W1V 3RG (437 7120); Olga Stores, 30 Penton St, London N1 9TS (837 5467). Wholesale suppliers: Charles Carey, The Oil Merchant, 3 Haarlem Rd, London W14 0JL (602 7040).

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TYPICAL OLIVE BREADS



Ciabatta, bottom left, contains olive oil and is delicious split lengthways and lightly grilled; ring-shaped bread contains whole green olives; both from Olga Stores. Focaccia, right, from Fratelli Camisa, is made with olive oil and sprinkled with rock salt and rosemary. In the glass is a Spanish extra virgin oil by Carbonell of Cordoba.

LEEK AND TOMATO SOUP

2 medium-sized leeks, washed and chopped
½ onion, chopped
1 tbsp olive oil
tomato pulp
¾ pt/425 ml stock
salt and ground black pepper
4 tbsp Greek yoghurt

Sweat the leeks and onion in a pan with the olive oil for five minutes. Add tomato pulp—any amount will do—and stock. Season.

Simmer for 40 minutes, liquidise and serve hot with a large dollop of yoghurt in each bowl.

Serves four.

MEDITERRANEAN FISH IN FILO

1½ lb/750 g white fish fillets (cod, haddock, mullet, bass, halibut)
½ slice onion
1 bay leaf
2 black peppercorns
9 sheets of filo pastry
8 fl oz/200 ml commercial extra virgin olive oil
lemon juice
salt and ground black pepper
3 tbsp fresh coriander, chopped
3 tomatoes, peeled deseeded and chopped
18 black olives, halved and stoned

For the sauce

3 tbsp fish stock
3 tbsp commercial extra virgin olive oil
2 tbsp tomato purée
¼ tsp chilli powder

To serve

An assortment of well-washed, bitter salad leaves (curly endive, chicory, radicchio, rocket or watercress)

1 tsp balsamic vinegar
1 tsp extra virgin olive oil

Remove the skin and any odd bones from the fish. Place them in a pan, together with the water, and simmer for 20 minutes. Strain, discard the fish trimmings and return the stock to the pan. Boil until reduced to about 3 tablespoons.

Brush a baking sheet with some of the olive oil. Brush one sheet of filo pastry well with more oil. Fold it in half and brush again. Repeat this with two more sheets of the pastry, and pile them on top of one another. With a sharp knife cut this pastry base into the shape of a fish.

Lay three-quarters of the fish fillets on top of the fish-shaped pastry. Brush well with olive oil and season with lemon juice, salt and black pepper. Scatter the coriander, chopped tomato and black olives over the fish. Lay the remaining fillets on top, brush with more olive oil and season again with lemon juice, salt and black pepper.

Lay a whole sheet of filo pastry over the fish. Brush well with olive oil. Repeat with five more sheets. Trim the pastry to within about 1 in/2 cm of the fish-shaped base. Carefully tuck the top edges under the base. Brush the top again with olive oil. Use some of the pastry trimmings to make an eye, mouth, fins and tail for the fish. Bake in a hot oven (350°F/180°C/gas mark 5) for 30–40 minutes until the pastry is a light, golden brown.

Meanwhile make the sauce by blending all the ingredients

together in a small pan and gently heating.

To serve, lift the fish on to a serving platter. Break the salad leaves into small pieces and toss them in the oil and vinegar. Drain well and arrange on the serving dish with the fish. Hand the sauce separately.

If preferred, this dish can be more simply served by cooking the filling alone. Arrange the fish, coriander, chopped tomato and black olives in an ovenproof dish. Dribble over 2–3 tablespoons of commercial extra virgin olive oil and season with lemon juice, salt and ground black pepper. Bake at 350°F/180°C/gas mark 5 for about 20 minutes or until the fish feels firm.

Serves four.

BEEF CASSEROLE WITH OLIVES

2 lb/1 kg chuck steak or shin of beef, trimmed and cut into 1 in (2 cm) cubes
2 tbsp olive oil
2 medium-sized carrots, peeled and cut into short sticks
1 large onion, peeled and sliced
¾–1 pt/425–500 ml beef or chicken stock
2 tsp anchovy essence
salt and ground black pepper
12 green olives, halved and stoned

Heat 1 tablespoon of the oil in a frying-pan and fry the meat, a few pieces at a time, until well browned on all sides. Put the cubes into a heavy-based saucepan.

Add the remaining tablespoon of oil and fry the carrots and onion until soft and lightly browned.

Place in the saucepan with the meat.

Pour a little of the stock into the frying-pan, bring it to the boil while stirring and scraping the meaty-flavoured sediment from the bottom. Pour this into the saucepan and add enough extra stock barely to cover the meat. Season with salt and ground black pepper and add the anchovy essence. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently for 2–3 hours until the meat is tender and the gravy well reduced and slightly syrupy.

Just before serving, stir in the olives and bring the casserole back to the boil.

Serves four.

FRESH TOMATO SAUCE

1 lb/500 g well ripened tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped
2 shallots, finely chopped
2 tbsp fresh basil, chopped
3 whole cloves garlic, flattened and peeled
¼ pt/150 ml extra virgin olive oil
salt and ground black pepper

Place the tomatoes in a bowl with the basil, shallots and garlic. Season with salt and freshly-ground black pepper. Pour the olive oil over the mixture, cover and leave to stand for 4–5 hours. Remove the cloves of garlic from it before serving.

This sauce may be served with any type of freshly boiled pasta. Toss the pasta in extra virgin olive oil and season with salt and plenty of freshly-ground black pepper. The pasta should be piping hot and the sauce cold.

Serves four.

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Leaves nothing to be desired.



A LONDON TIME CAPSULE

“Crackpot artist” Dennis Severs invites guests
into his bizarre home to experience two centuries of living history.

Photograph by Richard Dudley-Smith.

A gas lamp is flickering outside the darkened town house and straw from the stables is scattered around the doorstep. A lone figure swathed in a black cape peers from a fourth-storey window. At 7.30pm precisely Dennis Severs opens the door to greet the eight guests gathered in this cobbled street in London's East End, to welcome them into the home of one William Jervis, Huguenot weaver—and into the 18th century.

What follows is a journey through candle-lit corridors, with Severs as guide, into the lives of the family who once ate, slept, entertained and argued here. Starting in the dank cellar, you huddle on the Jervises' old wooden stools as Severs plunges the room into darkness to wipe out 200 years. This self-styled “crackpot artist” then launches an assault on the senses to immerse visitors in the past. As he shepherds the group through the house he bombards you with information about the family and their era, leaving no opportunity to treat the rooms crowded with curiosities as a museum. Fact and fantasy are deliberately mingled, so that following a systematic thread is impossible. “The idea is to let yourself go and *dream*,” announces Severs with a wicked grin. “The inaccuracies of history are as important as the realities.”

Sitting among the almost overwhelming profusion of paraphernalia in a room apparently hastily abandoned—a fan on a chair, shoes by the hearth, a kettle boiling on the hob—you hear how the family bought the house when it was newly built in 1724, and come to experience how they have lived ever since. Some of the characters are real, some are the invention of Severs's fertile brain, although it really does not matter which. He rushes through the rooms, often disappearing to leave you to your own imagination.

A mixture of tape recordings, music, lighting and noises off keep the drama racing on. Beyond closed doors can be heard sounds of the family moving around, raised voices, the weaving-loom thudding. Flaming torches flicker in the garden. Clocks chime. Birds twit-

ter in the 18th-century cages. You smell the family's food cooking in the kitchen, catch the scent of Mrs Jervis's pomanders in the elegant drawing-room where she is “at home” to guests, and inhale the spices in the bowl of mulled wine abandoned by Mr Jervis and his raucous drinking companions whom you disturbed when clattering up the uncarpeted stairs.

The years progress as you journey through the rooms and you see the older Jervises die, the younger ones born to take their place. By the time you reach the garret at the top of the house their fortunes have plummeted from grandeur to penury. When you enter the elder Jervises' downstairs sitting-room, with the stiff family portraits above the fireplace, you sit on mahogany chairs; but up here, with single rooms let out to whole families of lodgers, there is hardly a stool to spare and you perch on the edge of a bed where five people sleep. Right from the start you are bound up in their daily goings on, from the amazing things Rebecca, the maid, gets up to in the kitchen, to the effects on the family and their friends of coronations, wars and typhus epidemics. By the time you descend to the Victorian parlour, where spinster schoolteacher Isabella, the last member of the family dies, it is difficult not to feel a lump in your throat. However, this is the moment when Dennis Severs comes in.

If you have stayed the three-hour course without Severs throwing you out (a former Italian Ambassador and Lord Home are just two people who have been ejected for incessant talking) you will no doubt be wondering about the sort of man who would want to live in this curious house. After all, it is very much Mr Jervis's home—and that of the guests who come to visit him. There is almost nothing of the 20th century in evidence.

During the winter, for example, Severs scurries around doing household tasks before the place is plunged into darkness: there are virtually no modern lights, and candles are expensive. There is electricity, although you are hardly aware of it. A fridge is tucked away in a cupboard,

the television kept up in the attic, and the word processor, on which he is finishing off his novel, is kept behind an 18th-century screen in Mrs Jervis's (sorry, Severs's) bedroom. Wherever he goes Severs must take care not to step on wires and strings that make things happen when guests are left alone in rooms. Sneak a look inside baskets filled with rags and behind curtains and you uncover the mini-speakers that keep the story constantly rolling along.

Californian by birth but European by inclination, Severs came to Britain at the earliest opportunity, using an A-level course as his excuse. He was delighted at the sense of history he found all around him but could not help noticing that “the English didn't see things the same way as me”. To allay his father's worries for his future he initially studied for the bar. But he then bought a horse and carriage and gave London tours—until developers moved in on the Gloucester Road stables where he and his horse lived.

Severs's plight was broadcast on television's *Nationwide* and he was completely taken aback when shortly afterwards he received a call from the Queen's equerry saying he was welcome to keep his horse in the Royal Mews. He gratefully accepted; however, his own accommodation problem remained.

It was 1979 and Dennis Severs and his cat, Whitechapel, needed a place to live. They stumbled across 18, Folgate Street which, at £20,000, Severs says was “the cheapest house in London”. When he moved in, the building was derelict, with virtually no amenities: he took his sleeping-bag and bedded down in each of the dozen or so rooms in turn, to get a feel for their atmosphere. Then, as his plan crystallised, he sold his horse and began raiding Spitalfields' dumping-grounds and markets for cast-off wood and other bits and pieces that could become anything from elegant panelling to Mrs Jervis's *objets d'art*.

After six months “working like a man possessed” with just £480 of his own money, the house was transformed. This was never planned, and he initially



ploughed ahead with just a vague notion that he "wanted to capture a bit of England under one roof." He did little research. "When you're interested in things," he says, "they just happen."

Today Severs still frequents local bric-à-brac shops where he buys on impulse only "from people I've looked at and decided they'd be the sort who would have something interesting to sell". He also goes to stallholders for end-of-the-day flowers, fruit and vegetables to deck the house. After all, Mr Jervis loves his pomegranates. And when the Huguenot family is not entertaining, Severs and his three lodgers invite their friends around.

The area of Spitalfields where he lives is a melting-pot of solicitors' offices, artists' studios, Bengali workshops and private houses: a friendly community but one that does not interfere with the

strange nocturnal activities at No 18. Late-night workers in the offices across the road, for instance, have grown accustomed to Severs rushing over and asking them to dim their lights as his "tour" approaches the gloomy Dickensian bedroom opposite.

Severs never advertises and almost all his visitors arrive by word of mouth. Many people come more than once and he has several "regulars". His aim is to take people out of themselves, to fire their imagination and, perhaps, to cast a new light on their own everyday lives.

Although he spends several hours preparing the rooms before each group of visitors arrives, he says: "It is much easier getting the house ready for the public than getting the public ready for the house. You don't come here to see or learn, you're here to feel. The idea is not

to look at the house but to 'catch' it."

As he sits in a wide, wooden chair by the kitchen fireside, the evening light fading fast, Severs talks excitedly about other old homes in London that he has plans to bring alive. His dream, he says, would be to take on Dr Johnson's house, near Fleet Street—not for Folgate Street-style tours, but to add life to its magnificent collection of documents.

But what is it that has motivated him to prepare and guide three tours a week for so many years? "Every one is different: it's people's reactions to the house that interest me." And, says this ebullient expatriate: "I guess I just want to share my enthusiasm for England."

□ For further information about tours (priced £25) or "open days" on March 25 and May 6, 2-5.30pm (priced £5) telephone 01-247 4013.



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TRAVEL SECRETS

From Rio to the rain forest, the vast country of Brazil holds both man-made and natural wonders

Only slightly smaller than the United States, Brazil is huge, green and a staggering tribute to nature's diversity, splendour and fragility. Rio must have the most exciting skyline in the world and the waterfalls at Iguaçu are the most spectacular. The Amazon, the endless rain forest and the ancient Portuguese colonial settlements make bewildering choices for a travel itinerary.

Remember when Europe was the place for inexpensive holidays? Brazil is like that now. Roaring inflation means that the US dollar buys more and more. The tourist rate for the *novo cruzado* (worth 1,000 old *cruzeiros*) changes almost daily, usually in your favour, so exchange only enough for your immediate needs. Be warned that the locals can be as confused as you are by the funny numbers on the notes when calculating costs in "real" money. A tip in dollars will bring a happy smile—it can be worth 30 per cent more by the end of the month.

RIO DE JANEIRO

This is usually the first stop and some travellers, finding it has all they need for an exciting holiday, go no further. The beaches, mountains and the exuberant *cariocas*—or residents—make up a heady mixture.

But is it safe to go, in the first place? Tales of attacks and thefts abound and it would be foolish to venture out alone with expensive jewellery, lots of cash or draped with cameras. The good news is that there has been a considerable improvement in policing the tourist areas recently and one hopes that the tide is turning. Copy the *cariocas* and wear jeans or casual cottons in the daytime and save more glamorous outfits to wear only when travelling by car from door to door.

◆ The *Copacabana Palace Hotel* has just changed ownership and is now managed by Orient-Express Hotels. This stately dowager with its unrivalled position on Copacabana beach opened in 1923. Designed by a French architect, it has some superb



ARYDIESENDRUCK

The Corcovado monument above Rio.

public rooms, elegant restaurants, a theatre, and a large swimming pool immortalised in *Flying Down to Rio*—the film which first teamed Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. At one time the focal point for Brazil's high society, the hotel remains part of Rio's mystique and is now being restored to its former glory. Avenida Atlântica 1702. Tel: 255 7070.

RESTAURANTS

Rio is full of every kind of eating place from Portuguese to Italian, French, Chinese and Bahian.

At the top end of the range is *Antiquarius*, which offers primarily Portuguese food with excellent gazpacho, delicious fresh fish and shrimp *vatapa* (cooked Bahian style in coconut milk and served with manioc). Elegantly presented in a charming restaurant full of antiques and packed with Rio's "beautiful people". Rua Aristides Espinola 19, Leblon. Tel: 294 1049.

◆ For a truly Brazilian experience try *Mariu's*, on Leme Beach. Arrive cool, casual and ravenous to sit at long tables with *carioca* families enjoying this popular inexpensive *churrascaria*, or barbecue restaurant. You could start with a potent *caipirinha* made with lime, sugar and a very strong cane liqueur called *cachaça*. But beware: one is probably quite enough to give the evening special zest. The barbecued meat is deftly sliced from fearsome sabres straight on to your plate and it keeps on coming until you cannot face another morsel. There are cuts of chicken, spicy sausage, beef, pork and lamb, sometimes in the most unfamiliar guises but all extraordinarily tasty. Avenida Atlântica 290-B, Leme. Tel: 542 2393.

◆ Even further along the casual scale are some of the small *wyskerias* like *Alvaro's*, selling whisky and beer, with huge hams and cheeses hanging along the walls



BRAZIL

and melon ripening to perfection on the bar. Be sure to ask for *pastel*, a Brazilian snack like a giant ravioli, deep fried and piping hot, stuffed with melting cheese or fresh crab. Then order their grilled giant shrimps nestling in a fan-shaped cluster, smothered with crunchy fried garlic. Very reasonable prices. Avenida Ataulfo de Paiva 500, Leblon. Tel: 294 2148.

Another inexpensive Brazilian favourite is the national dish of *feijoada completa* (black beans, rice, sausage and pork), traditionally eaten for Saturday lunch. One of the best is served on the 23rd floor of *Caesar Park Hotel*, with a wonderful view of Ipanema and the weekend beach scene. Avenida Viera Souto. Tel: 287 3122.

SHOPPING

Everyone knows about Brazilian gem stones, which are still by far the best buy. *H. Stern* has many reliable shops, a huge main showroom and an interesting free workshop tour. Avenida Visconde de Pirajá 490, 3rd floor, Ipanema. Tel: 259 7442.

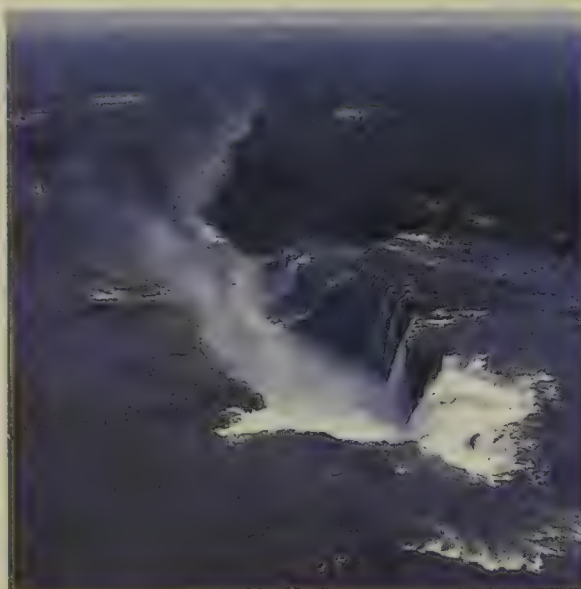
For attractive, bold beach wraps, lace-embroidered blouses and charming baby clothes it is hard to beat the frankly touristy *Aquarela*, Rua Henrique Oswald 206, tel: 262 2837; or Avenida General Justo 335 LjB, tel: 235 5626.

THINGS TO SEE

The *Carmen Miranda Museum* is a poignant tribute to Rio's most celebrated personality. An uninspiring, circular, cement bunker houses a quirky collection of dusty costumes, platform-soled shoes and once-spectacular turbans. The two ancient ticket-sellers are so delighted to have a visitor that they rush to light up their displays of Carmen Miranda T-shirts and copies of her costume jewellery. Some of the evocative photographs show a rather pretty, innocent face staring out of all that showbiz glitz. Parque do Flamengo. Tel: 226 2767.

Tijuca Forest is only half an hour from Copacabana in a wooded park where beautiful waterfalls cascade through luxuriant tropical vegetation. It was originally a French coffee plantation, where the previous owners planted all kinds of interesting trees, but the jungle is growing back fast. Before it does, try to have lunch at *Os Esquilos* (The Squirrels) and revel in the forest.

A drive north through spectacular mountain scenery to *Petrópolis* and *Teresópolis*, where the rich *cariocas* have their second homes, makes a wonderful day's expedition from Rio. The *Imperial Palace* at *Petrópolis*, which is furnished with Don Pedro II's belongings and still home to the Crown Jewels, is so well preserved that it gives the impression that the royal family left only yesterday, rather than in 1889. The *Teresópolis-Rio* road passes right through the *Serra dos Orgãos Park* whose features include the amazing *Dedo de Deus*, or *God's Finger Peak* measuring 1,692 metres in height.



SHIRLEY SHERWOOD

Iguazu Falls surpass even those of Niagara and Victoria.

IGUAÇU FALLS

The grandeur of Iguazu Falls surpasses even that of Niagara or Victoria. Toucans, unbalanced by their enormous beaks, fly clumsily overhead as the Rio Iguazu forces its way through the Devil's Throat and innumerable other cataracts at the juncture of Brazil, Argentina and Paraguay.

The best place to stay, if you can get a reservation, is the venerable *Hotel das Cataratas* which is right on the edge of the gorge, on the Brazilian side. Tel: 74 2666 or São Paulo 289 7422. Start out from the hotel early in the morning, wearing tennis shoes, before the slippery forest walkways become too crowded. If you get soaked admiring the rainbows, it will take only a minute to dry off.

A trip to the Argentinian side of the gorge will take an extra day but is justified as the experience is quite different. A long catwalk, perched perilously above the river, leads for almost 2 kilometres to finish on top of the Devil's Throat. Here, swifts dive in suicidal frenzy through the thundering curtains of water to their nesting-places in the sodden cliffs below.

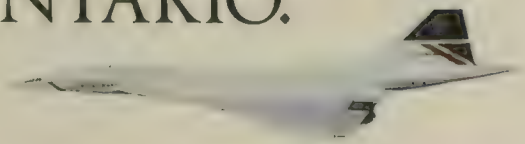
The final adventure could be a helicopter trip into the gorge, easily arranged on the Brazilian side. You will never, ever, forget it.

A 14-day tour of South America is planned by Society Expeditions, in association with the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, for October, 1990. Taking in Peru, Colombia and Brazil, the expedition will be escorted by Professor Ghilleen Prance, Director of Kew Gardens, and will include nine days on the Upper Amazon from Manaus. Inquiries to Society Expeditions, Albany House, 324-326 Regent St, London W1R 5AA. Tel: 637 9961. The cost ranges from £3,375 to £5,022, depending on the required accommodation.





HOLIDAY ONTARIO.



GETTING THERE IS ONLY HALF THE FUN.



Thursday afternoon, Lake Huron. Lazing on a gleaming deck, the water lapping gently against the side is like a lullaby and I manage only 15 pages of Frederick Forsyth before succumbing to the pleasures of a hot Ontario sun.

Unbelievably, after breakfast at home this morning, we crossed the Atlantic in unashamed supersonic luxury before arriving in Toronto in time for lunch.

Heading for our connection, a brief glimpse of the sleek city more than justified the time we intend to spend there next week.

An hour later, taxiing across the glimmering surface of the lake, the floatplane approached the jetty. We board our 40 ft. yacht, the 'True Love' (ugh!) and meet the crew. (De-rigging the spinnaker had sounded too much like hard work.)

Unable to compete with the delights of fishing off the world's largest freshwater island, tomorrow should be blissfully quiet. Having granted permission to go ashore, I've been promised trout for supper, although he's never caught anything worth eating yet.

Anyway, with 400 miles of deep blue paradise still to be explored and a tall drink on its way, courtesy of a rather handsome member of the crew, I think I could get used to this.

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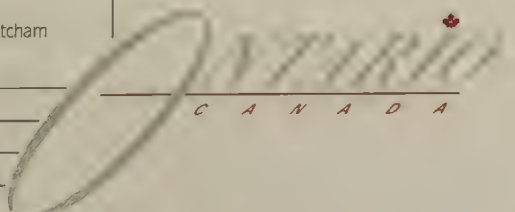
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IRRESISTIBLY CARIBBEAN

THE STORY OF MY STAMPS

Leslie Thomas looks on his recently-compiled stamp collection as both a history book and a magic carpet.

Like many resounding ideas it was simple. "... a bit of paper ... covered at the back with a glutinous wash which the buyer might, by applying a little moisture, attach to the letter." It was, of course, the postage stamp and, to quote Mr Gladstone, it was to "run like wildfire through the civilised world".

Sir Rowland Hill, who defined the "little bit of paper", saw his small, but immense, vision become reality 150 years ago. On May 1, 1840, the first stamp, the noble Penny Black, was issued and it was officially used on May 6. In less than a year 68 million were sold.

Since the reign of King Charles I there had been a postal service of sorts in this country. Official deliveries, carried on horseback and later by coach, haphazardly covered England and Scotland. Oddly, an overseas postal service had existed even earlier. Ships were plying to ports throughout the world and they carried mail with them. It was often simpler to send a letter to Antigua than to Aberdeen.

But until Rowland Hill (who was not knighted until 20 years after his revolutionary idea had been put into effect) formulated the simple notion, not even the development of the railways had led to the setting up of a national postal service. A cumbersome scale of charges, governed not only by weight but also by distance and the type of correspondence (newspapers were carried free), kept the system tied down. Even the schoolmaster-inventor, Hill, suggested the stamp only as an afterthought. His main point was to introduce pre-paid envelopes, and introduce payment by weight only, ignoring the distance to be travelled. The envelopes quickly fell from fashion (they were dumped on the Civil Service) as the public clamoured for the "bits of paper" and their "glutinous wash". In London alone, on the first day of issue, 600,000 Penny Blacks were sold.

On the first page of my 12-volume stamp collection sits one of those Penny



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN MOODY

Blacks. They cost a little more these days but not necessarily as much as many people believe. You can buy a very presentable example for £50 or £60. They were withdrawn in 1841 because the red cancellation ink used for the postmarks could be readily erased and the stamp used again. Black ink, of course, did not show up on the stamp. So the Penny Black became a Penny Red.

The elegant simplicity of that first stamp has never been bettered. The young Queen Victoria's head, shown in profile, was copied from an earlier presentation medal. It is finely drawn, as were most of the following stamps, and yet the vociferous lampoons of the day howled that the Queen looked "gummy", as if without teeth, and another rhymed:

"You must kiss our fair Queen,
Or her pictures, that's clear
Or the gummy medallion will never
adhere..."

Predictably, there were also grumpy letters to *The Times*: "... it is a libel upon

the fair countenance of our Queen."

'My Penny Black is a modest affair with tight margins (for connoisseurs, the wider the better) and lettered I-K at the lower corners. The letters were a device to beat forgers, about which the early post office was almost paranoid, and ran from A to L through the 240 stamps which made up a sheet. There were only two known forgeries—both by the same young man. He sent a letter to his girlfriend using one crude copy and enclosed the second for her reply.

My stamp, however, had been cancelled by a clear red Maltese Cross ("destroyed" as they called it), and it is the first item in a collection that embraces Great Britain and the surrounding islands (the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man have their own issues and many smaller islands—even some uninhabited—have printed unofficial stamps). I have an envelope bearing stamps from the monastery island of Caldey in the Bristol Channel, and with the words "delayed by rough seas"

written on it. Also included are stamps of Great Britain used abroad, some of them from strange corners such as Valparaiso and the Danish West Indies. The main collection, however, is devoted to former British Colonial islands, beginning with Antigua and concluding with Zanzibar. Its essence is early stamps. My interest begins to wane after King George VI although the Great Britain collection runs through to 1971.

It has become all but an obsession with me, a private world where I can travel, geographically and historically, through lands and ages. There have been occasions when I have fallen asleep (at 2 am) over the Falkland Islands Dependencies. It remains private too, because a stamp collection is locked between the covers of its albums. It is not, like a collection of paintings, easily displayed.

When I was a boy I "saved" stamps, as they used to say. A crafty little shop next to the YMCA in my home town would stay open to catch our collective eye as we went to the Wolf Cub meeting. But in August, 1945—the day after Victory over Japan actually—I sold my album for 10 shillings so that I could take a young lady to the cinema and then to tea. I was only 14, an irresponsible age.

Forty years drifted by and, while I often took a sidelong glance at stamps in a shop window or in someone's collection, I made no effort to return to the pastime until four years ago, when I was researching the background for my novel *The Adventures of Goodnight and Loving*. Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving were real people—American pioneers—but the novel was about an English lawyer, George Goodnight, who takes on the mantle of the pioneer and runs away from his dull and stable life. He finances his journey around the world by selling items from his valuable stamp collection. In order to get the facts right I bought a Stanley Gibbons stamp catalogue and began asking questions in stamp shops. Then I discovered that years ago I had given some stamps to my eldest son. He



Leslie Thomas's Penny Black.

gave them back to me. I opened the album. It was like meeting an old friend.

Mine is a very average collection; there is much to learn and, although it occupies hours of my leisure time, I shall never know half of it. Nor will it ever be complete. I have some stamps from every island in the world where Britain had a foothold, except two: Mafia Island, now part of Tanzania, and the Turkish Isle of Chustan, which the Royal Navy occupied in May, 1916. It was promptly renamed Long Island and an official postal service, with Turkish stamps overprinted by typewriter, was inaugurated. The stamps were withdrawn after three weeks. They are sought-after items, but not exceedingly so. They are catalogued between £100 and £500, with higher values for typing errors. Mafia Island was one of those odd-corner colonies of Germany overtaken by the Allies in the First World War.

There were others in the Pacific. The islands of Samoa and Nauru were both administered by Germany until 1914 when their attractive colonial stamps were uncompromisingly overprinted GRI—Georgius Rex Imperator—by the invading New Zealand and Austra-

The Hong Kong Victory stamps; and a prisoner-of-war cover from Ceylon.

lian troops. Even part of Germany itself had an issue of stamps depicting the head of Queen Victoria. The island of Heligoland was occupied by Britain between 1867 and 1890, and a distinctive design of red, green and white stamps with the Queen's head in silhouette was imposed on its inhabitants. Reprints and outright forgeries of these issues abound today, but the genuine article is much coveted, particularly if used on an envelope.

Likewise, the Ionian Islands, Corfu, Zante and Cephalonia, had an issue of three Victorian stamps during their 50 years of British Occupation. These are beautifully engraved with the portrait of the young Queen and an inscription in Greek. My wife gave me a block of 12 of the blue penny stamps and I am very proud of them even if, in general, I am the only one who looks at them.

A stamp album is like a story book. For example, the Hong Kong Victory issue of 1946 is unlike any other. It was designed in a Japanese prison camp by Mr W. E. Jones, of the colony's public works department, who was obviously confident as to which side would win the war.

If the romance—the adventure—the philately is important to me, it is not necessarily so with every collector. Many are serious investors, paying hundreds of thousands of pounds for the right stamp; others are interested only in minutiae: oddities, errors, perforations or watermarks. A report that an early postmaster in some remote island was "killed by wild animals" receives no further mention than "the postal service then ceased". I should have wanted to know the tale.

Many modern stamps, especially those churned out by smaller countries, are to me highly unattractive. Garish, badly drawn, and often intended only as a source of revenue, they do not bear comparison with the early traditional issues. The art reached its peak very quickly. Two Falkland Islands Victorian issues, the 1898 5 shillings and half-a-crown, are just about perfection.

Recently I bought at auction two envelopes, one from St Helena, one from Ceylon, which had contained letters written by prisoners from the Boer War and confined by the British in those islands. (There was also a Boer prison camp in Bermuda.) History, again—romance. Merely by turning a page at the fireside I can transport myself back in time, and to remote places. All in some "bits of paper . . . covered at the back with a glutinous wash".

□ Stamp World London 90, billed as the world's greatest stamp exhibition ever, takes place at Alexandra Palace, N22, May 3-13. Exhibitors come from all over the world. For further information, call 01-388 9871.





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DEATH IN MINOAN CRETE

Phourni, a hill next to the village of Archanes about six miles from Knossos, is one of Crete's most interesting archaeological sites. Dr John Sakellarakis, former director of the Heraklion Museum and now co-director, with his wife, of the Phourni excavations, reports on finds which testify to more than 15 centuries of continuous use.



Phourni is a garden of olive trees, vineyards, cypresses and laurels. It was also once, and for more than a millennium, a cemetery, now considered by scholars to be one of the most important of the Creto-Mycenaean period and the most significant necropolis on the island of Crete. Its importance derives from its long period of continuous use, from the numerous burials, including those of royalty, that took place there, from the wealth and variety of the funerary offerings discovered (many of them now on display inside the Heraklion Museum) and from the evidence it provides of Cretan burial rites and customs. The excavations have also provided links between this world of the dead and other sites, notably the living quarters

of the palatial building in Turko-geitonia, in the hamlet of Archanes, and the temple at Anemospelia, the site of human sacrifice, both still being excavated.

The cemetery's history begins in about 2600BC (the Early Minoan II period). Three of the tholos (beehive) tombs date from between then and 2000BC. The discovery of such tombs in northern Crete is rare, for they are mostly confined to the Mesara plain to the south of the island. A tholos tomb was probably used for many members of an individual family, and represents the original site of burial. When the tomb was full the earlier remains were removed to ossuaries for reburial.

Many burials are found in each tholos tomb, five of which have

now been excavated. Initially the bodies were laid on the ground, but later ones have been found in *larnakes* (chests) or sarcophagi, lying alongside or on top of one another, with no separation between them. Pressure on space was such that multiple burials were not uncommon—sometimes as many as five in a single *larnax*. Normally, only the skulls were taken to the ossuaries. In one we found 196 skulls, arranged in rows through two rooms, and one skull even placed in a vase.

Burial sites were constantly being extended by the addition of new rooms or buildings, and by the end of the Prepalatial period the Phourni cemetery was the most organised in Crete, with paved roads running between the tombs and a drainage system.

One tholos tomb needs special mention. Known to us as Tholos Tomb C, it was used in the Early Minoan III period before 2100 BC, and was the only one of this period to have been found undisturbed. In it were discovered the remains of 18 people in 11 *larnakes* and one pithos (large storage jar), 24 skeletons between the *larnakes* and another three in the entrance: a total of 45. An important number of marble Cycladic figurines were also found here, together with other objects from the Cyclades, suggesting the presence of Cycladic traders in the thriving community. This particular tomb was even furnished with a built hearth and window, and some centuries later, after 1400BC, a number of vases were thrown in through the window,



Phourni cemetery, left, in use for 1,500 years until the 11th century BC, was once the best organised in Crete. The gold signet ring, below, is from Tholos Tomb B, the most important in the cemetery. Among items found, below left, are terracotta bull figurines and *rhytons*, or ritual vessels.



perhaps as offerings to the dead.

The numerous Prepalatial finds from Phourni show that the settlement of Archanes at this period was more important even than that of Knossos. Seals show an extravagant use of ivory, many of them in the shape of animals and even humans, others bearing signs in hieroglyphic writing. There are figurines made from clay, ivory, stone, steatite and quartz, and one in bronze. Equally interesting are *rhytons* (ritual vessels) and other vases and large *kernoi* (multiple cult vessels). All the Cretan ceramic-ware styles of this period have been found in abundance here, as well as important items of jewellery, including amulets and necklaces, some of them resembling those found in Priam's Treasure at Troy. An Egyptian vase from the Old Kingdom period, made of diorite with a lapis lazuli Syrian cylinder seal, has also been uncovered.

The most important building is undoubtedly the one we call Tholos Tomb B. It was used continuously for about 600 years, from its foundation before 2000 BC to the Postpalatial Late Minoan III period after 1400 BC. The vast, two-storey building consists of the tholos and its *dromos* (entrance passage) sited within a rectangular structure consisting of a further 10 rooms. Remains of a stone stairway and traces of a wooden one confirm the existence of a second storey, and there are



even some remains of the upper walls. The upper storey, consisting of a pillar room decorated with fine wall paintings, was used for royal burials from which a unique gold signet ring depicting a Minoan goddess with a griffin has survived.

During the first Late Minoan period another building was erected in Phourni which is unlike any other found in the Aegean. This, named Building 4, was reserved not for the burial of the dead but for the use of the living. The building's two separate parts were used for different purposes. The western section, a large paved platform which probably included a colonnade since stone column bases have been found there, was almost certainly used for funerary rites. Evidence of this comes from the discovery of ritual

handleless conical cups during excavation.

The building's eastern section was two-storeyed, the upper floor housing a loom. The ground floor contained wine-making equipment, with the wine-press still *in situ*, and an adjoining room was used as a storage area for pithoi. A large number of implements were discovered in many places, including a lead weight from a pair of scales.

These finds are typical of those made at Minoan farm sites. There can be no explanation for the existence of this modest installation other than that it provided for the needs of the dead: the weaving of burial shrouds and the production of wine for funeral libations. Furthermore, the double nature of the building indicates that this activity was

supervised by the priesthood. Similar installations are known only in the well-organised cemeteries of Egypt. It is not impossible that Building 4 was associated with burial rituals in the adjacent Tholos Tomb B, where the important find of a crypt was made in one of the rooms. A *larnax* placed in it during the 15th century BC was found to contain the remains of 19 people—men, women and children—neatly arranged in layers and clearly the relics of older burials of important people.

The Phourni cemetery reached its final peak in the 14th century BC, when Tholos Tomb A was built. When excavated this proved to be the first undisturbed royal burial place found in Crete, from which a mass of gold ornaments, signet rings, bronze vessels, an ivory footstool and other valuable objects were recovered. Evidence was also found of a bull and horse sacrifice in honour of the woman buried there. In Tholos Tomb D, another undisturbed burial site, a woman had been entombed with jewellery that included a gold diadem and a *peplos* which was embroidered with gold thread. In her hand she held a mirror.

Three burials were made in Tholos Tomb D after the collapse of its roof in the sub-Minoan period of the 11th century BC, after which 1,500 years of funerary activity at Phourni came to an end □

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A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF THE MORE INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS ARRANGED FOR THE COMING MONTHS

BEST OF SPRING



Bruce Alexander and Paul Venables open in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit-card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given on the first occasion it appears.

Abingdon Square. Set in New York before & during the First World War, Maria Fornes's study of guilt & longing follows the exploits of a young woman married to a much older man. Annabelle Apsion, Pearce Quigley & Philip Voss are among the cast. Mar 29-Apr 24. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

All's Well That Ends Well. With Gwen Watford as the Countess & Bruce Alexander as Parolles; Barry Kyle directs. Opens Mar 30. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican EC2 (638 8891)*.

Another Time. A white South African family is driven apart as the embittered parents of a gifted 17-year-old pianist face the fact that he must pursue his studies in London if he is to achieve success. Elijah Moshinsky directs, & there are outstanding performances from Albert Finney, Janet Suzman & Sara Kestelman. Until Mar 31. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (867 1116, cc 867 1111)*.

Anything Goes. Colourful New York production of the classic Cole Porter musical, starring Elaine Page, as full of zest as ever, & directed by Jerry Zaks. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951)*.

As You Like It. John Caird directs Sophie Thompson as Rosalind. Opens Apr 11. *Barbican Theatre*.

Bérénice. New translation by Neil Bartlett of Racine's tragedy about the Queen of Palestine & her love for the heir to the Roman throne. Tim Albery directs. Opens May 9. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Buddy. Alan Janes's script offers few insights into the character & inspiration behind rock-&-roll icon Buddy Holly, but who cares? The classic songs, lovingly performed, are a treat, & Paul Hipp's Buddy has charm & infectious energy. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317)*.

Bus Stop. Jerry Hall & Shaun Cassidy make their British stage debuts in William Inge's lightweight play (perhaps best known in the 1956 movie version with Marilyn Monroe). *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686)*.

The Cherry Orchard. Distinguished production of Chekhov's masterpiece, with an exceptional cast headed by Judi Dench & Bernard Hill. Sam Mendes directs. Until Mar 24. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404)*.

Coriolanus. With Charles Dance as the arrogant Roman soldier & aristocrat. Directed by Terry Hands. Opens May 2. *Barbican Theatre*.

The Duchess of Malfi. John Webster's powerful tale of forbidden love. With Harriet Walter as the duchess; Bill Alexander directs. Opens May 1. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891)*.

Exchange. Martin Jarvis heads the cast of Yuri Trifonov's tragi-comedy of modern Moscow life, in a translation by Michael Frayn. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987)*.

The Good Person of Sichuan. Bertolt Brecht's 1943 drama about a good-natured Chinese prostitute & her descent into bankruptcy, in a new translation by Michael Hofmann. Fiona Shaw takes the lead role, with Bill Paterson in support, in Deborah Warner's production. Until Mar 31. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell. Tom Conti replaces Peter O'Toole as the celebrated *Spectator* columnist in Keith Waterhouse's affectionate account of Bernard's life & drinking times, directed by Ned Sherrin. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663)*.

King. New musical based on the life of American black civil rights campaigner Martin Luther King. American opera singers Simon Estes & Cynthia Haymon take the roles of King & his wife, Coretta; music is by British composer Richard Blackford & lyrics by novelist Maya Angelou. Opens Apr 11. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (867 1118, cc 867 1111)*.

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom.

August Wilson's story of a legendary recording session by blues singer Gertrude "Ma" Rainey in Chicago in 1927. Carol Woods is in the title role. Directed by Howard Davies. Until Mar 24. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Man of the Moment. New play by Alan Ayckbourn, set in a villa in Spain. With Michael Gambon & Peter Bowles. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667)*.

Marya. Christopher Hampton's adaptation of a play by Isaac Babel about family life & profiteering in Russia in the early years of the Revolution. With Julie Legrand & Sylvestra Le Touzel. Apr 3-May 26. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616)*.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. John Caird's production is often very funny but plays for too many laughs & misses the pathos. With Richard McCabe as Puck, David Troughton as Bottom. Until Mar 17. *Barbican Theatre*.

Miss Saigon. Intelligent musical by Alain Boublil & Claude-Michel Schönberg tells of a tragic affair between a young Vietnamese girl & an American soldier at the time of the fall of Saigon in 1975. Nicholas Hytner directs Claire Moore, Simon Bowman, & Lea Salonga & Monique Wilson who share the title role. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8108)*.

Peer Gynt. Kenneth McLeish's version of the Ibsen classic, with Stephen Moore & David Morissey as the older & younger Gynt. Directed by Declan Donnellan. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Pericles. Nigel Terry in the title role; directed by David Thacker. Opens Apr 12. *The Pit, Barbican*.

The Pirates of Penzance. Gilbert & Sullivan's comic operetta, with Paul Nicholas & Bonnie Langford. Directed by Peter Walker. Opens Mar 26. *London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373)*.

The Price. Arthur Miller's dark story of the tense meeting between two estranged brothers on the occasion of their father's death. David Thacker

directs Bob Peck, David Calder & Marjorie Yates. Until Mar 24. *Young Vic, 66 The Cut, SE1 (928 6363)*.

Racing Demon. Topical, political new play by David Hare about four south-London clergymen struggling to make sense of their mission in the inner city. Richard Eyre directs Michael Bryant, David Bamber & Stella Gonet. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Return to the Forbidden Planet. A rock musical based (loosely) on *The Tempest*, written & directed by Bob Carlton. Loud & lively. *Cambridge, Earlam St, WC2 (379 5299)*.

Salomé. Steven Berkoff's creative interpretation of Oscar Wilde's once banned play, with Herod's soldiers & court officials transformed into black-tied dinner guests. Stylised but effective production, though the actors' moon-walking technique strains credibility. Until Mar 24. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294)*.

The School for Scandal. Sheridan's 1777 comedy, with John Neville as Sir Peter Teazle, a newly-wed with problems, & Prunella Scales as Mrs Candour. Directed by Peter Wood. Opens Apr 24. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Singer. This modern Jacobean tragi-drama by Peter Flannery is a blackly comic view of post-war British society. With Antony Sher in the title role. Opens Mar 24. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Sunday in the Park with George. British première of Stephen Sondheim's musical celebrating "the art of creation & the creation of art". Philip Quast plays George, great-grandson of the artist Seurat, & Maria Friedman his long-suffering mistress. Directed by Steven Pimlott. Opens Mar 15. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

Tartuffe. An all-Asian cast, directed by the controversial but always exciting Jatinder Verma, employ techniques derived from Italian *commedia dell'arte* & Indian popular theatre traditions in this adaptation of Molière's comedy. Opens Apr 18. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.



Charles Dance as *Coriolanus* at the Barbican. Jack Lemmon outstanding in *Dad*. Ellen Barkin and Al Pacino are romantically involved in *Sea of Love*.

The Trackers of Oxyrhynchus.

Poet Tony Harrison's ambitious work, with Jack Shepherd & Barrie Rutter as Grenfell & Hunt, two Oxford archaeologists who, in 1907, discovered parts of a lost play by Sophocles, *The Trackers*. An adaptation of the work forms the core of the evening. Mar 27-May 10. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Volpone. Ben Jonson's savage comedy, first staged in 1606, with Ian McDiarmid as the wealthy Volpone & Denis Lawson as his parasite, Mosca. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. Mar 29-May 5. *Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404)*.

When We Dead Awaken. First major London production since 1945 of Ibsen's last (& in James Joyce's opinion, best) drama—the tragic tale of an unhappily-married sculptor who meets an old flame & realises his life has been wasted. With Claire Bloom in the role of Irena. Until Mar 24. *Almeida*.

RECOMMENDED LONG-RUNNERS

Aspects of Love, Prince of Wales (839 5972); **Blood Brothers, Albery** (867 1115, cc 867 1111); **Cats, New London** (405 0072); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses, Ambassador's** (836 6111); **Me & My Girl, Adelphi** (836 7611); **Les Misérables, Palace** (434 0909); **The Mousetrap, St Martin's** (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera, Her Majesty's** (839 2244); **Run for Your Wife! Whitehall** (867 1119, cc 867 1111); **Starlight Express, Apollo Victoria** (828 8665).

OUT OF TOWN

RSC new season at Stratford. At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *Much Ado About Nothing*, directed by Bill Alexander, opens Apr 10; *The Comedy of Errors*, directed by Ian Judge, opens Apr 25. At the Swan Theatre: *The Last Days of Don Juan*, new version by Nick Dear of Tirso de Molina's 16th-century play, opens Apr 5; *Troilus & Cressida*, opens Apr 26. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks CV37 6BB (0789 295623)*.

CINEMA

The following are some of the most interesting films showing in & around London in the coming months.

Always (PG). Steven Spielberg directs an updated adaptation of the 1943 Spencer Tracy/Irene Dunne vehicle *A Guy Named Joe*. Intrepid flyers battle with runaway forest fires (fighter pilots in the original), with dramatic & sometimes tragic results. Richard Dreyfuss, Holly Hunter & Brad Johnson star. Opens Mar 20. Royal Film Performance in the presence of the Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. Mar 19. *Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2*.

Black Rain (18). Ridley Scott's slick police thriller stars Michael Douglas & Andy Garcia as two tough cops given the job of extraditing a Japanese killer back to his homeland. Gritty & tense, the oriental locations lend an exotic edge.

Blaze (15). Paul Newman (sadly showing his age) plays the notorious Earl K. Long, Louisiana State Governor in the 1950s, whose advocacy of black voting rights caused far less controversy than did his affair with feisty stripper Blaze Starr (Lolita Davidovich). An intriguing story, but stutteringly paced & overlong.

Born on the Fourth of July (18). Oliver Stone's second Vietnam film draws a superb performance from Tom Cruise in the true story of a GI who starts off a gung-ho volunteer, but ends up, badly wounded, leading the anti-war protest movement from a wheelchair. A passionate & affecting movie, marking Cruise as one of Hollywood's most exciting young actors & Stone as its foremost film-maker.

Casualties of War (18). Michael J. Fox & Sean Penn are two infantrymen-buddies trying to differentiate between the good guys & the bad in Vietnam. When a radio operator is killed by a sniper in what had appeared to be a peaceful village, tensions reach boiling point & innocents

suffer. Directed by Brian de Palma. **Dad** (PG). Lively adaptation of William Wharton's novel about an estranged father & son who are finally reconciled when the family is struck by sickness. Notable for the humour injected by director Gary David Goldberg & outstanding acting by Jack Lemmon & Ted Danson.

Driving Miss Daisy (U). Sentimental drama with comic undertones about the relationship between aging Jewish widow Jessica Tandy & her black chauffeur Morgan Freeman. Although Bruce Beresford's film says little about racism, strong performances paper over plot deficiencies.

A Dry White Season (15). Over-earnest anti-apartheid drama about the growing political awareness of a white South African (Donald Sutherland), whose black gardener dies in police custody. Cameo appearance by Marlon Brando as a liberal judge.

Encounter at Raven's Gate (15). Australian sci-fi film that starts promisingly, with a house left in smouldering ruins apparently by an alien attack, but which loses its way through confusing sub-plots. Fine performances from Steve Vidler, Celine Griffin & Ritchie Singer, but the special effects are not special enough. Opens Mar 23.

The Fabulous Baker Boys (15). The boys in question are two brothers (Jeff & Beau Bridges) who have been touring nightclubs as a piano duet for their entire adult lives. All goes well until it is decided to buck up the act by bringing in a female singer (Michelle Pfeiffer); emotional entanglements ensue. A sassy, beautifully-acted romance, with many funny moments. Opens Mar 9. See feature p63.

Family Business (15). Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman & Matthew Broderick as three generations of a New York family who engage in a little illicit business—robbery to be precise. A return to comedy for veteran director Sidney Lumet.

Glory (15). American Civil War drama, with Matthew Broderick as a

Harvard graduate assigned to lead a specially-created regiment of black soldiers. Denzel Washington co-stars; directed by Edward Zwick.

Limit Up (12). Unremarkable comedy-adventure about an ambitious stockbroker (Nancy Allen) & the pact she signs with the devil to get to the top. A modern fairy tale with lots of simplistic moralising, but not quite enough jokes to keep things simmering. Dean Stockwell & Ray Charles give strong support. Opens May 11.

Mountains of the Moon (15). The true story of British explorers Richard Burton (Patrick Bergin) & John Hanning Speke (Iain Glen), who set out in 1858 to find the source of the Nile. Bob Rafelson directs. Opens Apr 20.

Roger & Me (15). Riveting documentary from journalist Michael Moore about the trials & tribulations of a town called Flint in Michigan, devastated when 30,000 people lost their jobs after the car factories were closed down by one Roger Smith. Amusing, infuriating & sad—a true-life tragic-comedy. Opens Apr 20.

Sea of Love (18). Al Pacino is a cop who gets romantically involved with number-one murder suspect Ellen Barkin in Harold Becker's thriller. Short on plot, strong on characterisation. Opens Mar 16.

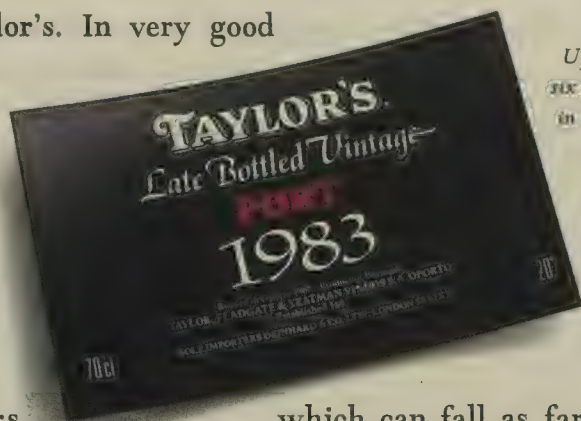
She Devil. Long-awaited adaptation of Fay Weldon's witty feminist novel, with television funny-girl Roseanne Barr as the devilish heroine, & Meryl Streep as the novelist who poaches her husband. Susan Seidelman directs. Opens May 11.

Three Women in Love (18). Rudolf Thome's slow-moving drama won the Best Foreign Film Award at the 1989 Montreal Festival. Three beautiful young women fall in love with a shy philosopher, & show him there is more to life than the cerebral. Despite the potentially erotic theme, Thome's direction is oddly cold.

Torrents of Spring (PG). Expensive-looking, but uninspired, costume-drama set in Europe in the 1800s, adapted from a novel by Turgenev.

HOW A TAYLOR'S PORT GROWS UP DEPENDS ON WHEN IT HITS THE BOTTLE

Rather like babies, all Taylor's ports look much alike to begin with. Deep red, almost purple wines cradled in wooden casks in the cool, dark, silent lodges along the banks of Portugal's Douro river. How they develop from then onwards is very much a matter of how they are treated by Taylor's. In very good



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six years
in cask

years, which can fall as far as eight years apart, Taylor's will pronounce some of the wine good enough to become Vintage Port, in which case it is bottled as a mere toddler after just two years in the cask.

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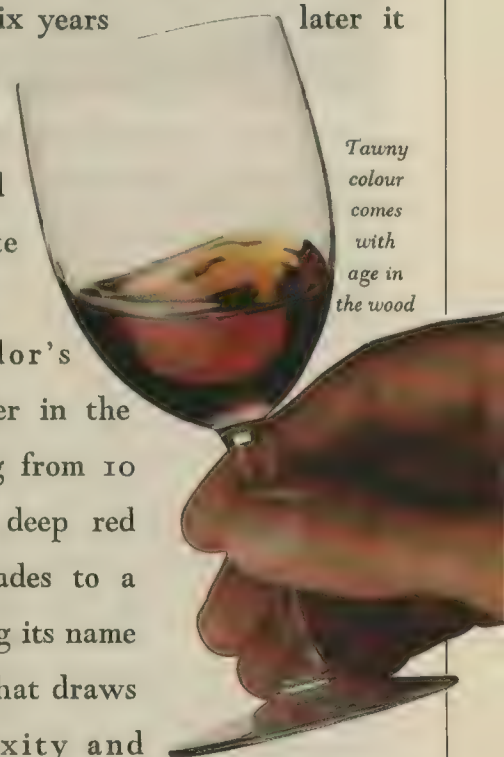
If the wine is allowed to remain in cask, where maturity comes rather more swiftly, then

between four and six years can become a Late Bottled Vintage, a fully rounded port for immediate enjoyment.

But if Taylor's leave it even longer in the wood, for anything from 10 to 40 years, the deep red colour gradually fades to a gentle tawny, giving its name to a style of port that draws immense complexity and character from its long sojourn in the cask.

At the end of the day, or even at the end of the dinner, one's choice of port like one's choice of companions is a matter of individual taste.

Taylor's would merely point out that any port which bears their name will at least have been impeccably well brought up.

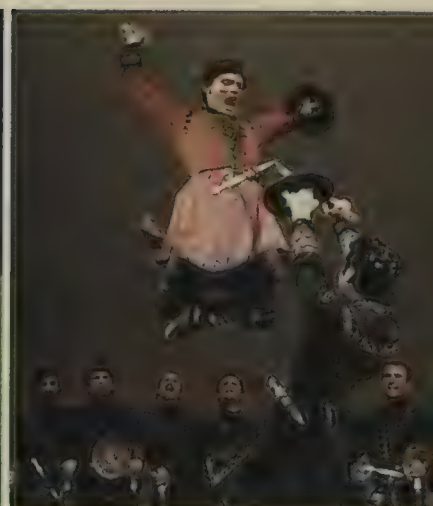


Tawny
colour
comes
with
age in
the wood



Vintage ages slowly in the bottle

TAYLORS · THE GREAT FAMILY OF PORT



Marlon Brando as a liberal judge in *A Dry White Season*. Meryl Streep and Sylvia Miles in Fay Weldon's *She Devil*. The Georgian State Dancers visit

An Italian/French co-production. Nastassja Kinski, Timothy Hutton & Valeria Golino battle with preposterous dubbing, while Turgenev's finely-honed story becomes a series of ponderous set-pieces under the humourless direction of Jerzy Skolimowski. Opens early May.

The War of the Roses (15). Michael Douglas & Kathleen Turner resuscitate their sparky partnership in Danny de Vito's very amusing black comedy about a warring couple (the Roses). Some accomplished comic timing, but the film's dark message about the hell of marriage is very much to the fore. Opens Mar 9.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Mikado. Jonathan Miller's fizzing production, set in an English hotel in the 20s, returns with a strongly sung new Ko-Ko from Richard Suart & an imposing Katisha from Sarah Walker. Singing & dancing chorus impressive as ever. Mar 8, 10 (m&e), 13, 16, 21, 24 (m&e), 28, 30, Apr 4, 11, 19.

La traviata. Helen Field repeats her telling performance of the prostitute Violetta in David Pountney's hard-hitting production. Bonaventura Bontonesings Alfredo, with Alan Opie as a fine Germont. Mar 9, 12, 15, 20, 23.

The Gambler. Conductor Sian Edwards makes her ENO début & Graham Clark again sings Alexej in David Pountney's powerful production, with Kimberly Barber as Pauline & Ulrik Cold as the General. Mar 14, 17, 22, 29, 31, Apr 3, 6, 10.

Macbeth. First-ever staging by ENO of Verdi's opera, produced by David Pountney & conducted by Mark Elder. Jonathan Summers sings the title role, with Kristine Ciesinski as Lady Macbeth. Apr 5, 7, 12, 14, 18, 21, 24, 27, May 1, 4.

Ariadne on Naxos. Anne Evans sings the title role for the first time, with Rita Cullis as the Composer,

Alan Woodrow as Bacchus & Constance Hauman as Zerbinetta. Apr 20, 25, 28, May 2, 11, 16, 19, 24, 31.

The Marriage of Figaro. Valerie Masterson sings the Countess, with Steven Page as Count Almaviva, Lesley Garrett as Susanna, Gregory Yurisch as Figaro, Ethna Robinson as Cherubino. May 3, 5, 10, 12, 15, 17.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911).

Elektra. Georg Solti conducts a new production by Götz Friedrich, with Eva Marton as Elektra, Nadine Secunde as Clytemnestra, Marjana Lipovšek as Clytemnestra, Robert Hale as Orestes. Mar 12, 16, 20, 23.

Otello. Soviet tenor & soprano Vladimir Atlantov & Ljuba Kazarnovskaya sing Otello & Desdemona, with Alain Fondary as Iago, under Edward Downes. Mar 9, 14, 19.

L'Elisir d'amore. Luciano Pavarotti makes a rare appearance, singing Nemorino, with Daniela Mazzucato as Adina, Rolando Panerai as Dulcamara, Ingvar Wixell as Belcore. Mar 13, 17, 21, 24, 27.

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. New production by John Cox, conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi, with Bernd Weikl as Hans Sachs, Felicity Lott as Eva, Reiner Goldberg as Walther, Gwynne Howell as Pogner. Mar 29, Apr 3, 6, 9, 12, 16.

La Cenerentola. New production by Michael Hampe with Agnes Baltsa singing Angelina, Claudio Desderi as Don Magnifico, Deon van der Walt as Don Ramiro, François Le Roux as Dandini. Apr 24, 27, 30, May 3, 5, 8, 10.

Il trovatore. Return of Piero Faggioni's gloomy production, but with the bonus of Edward Downes as conductor. Newcomers to the cast are Carol Vaness as Leonora & Alexei Steblianko as Manrico. May 11, 16.

OUT OF TOWN

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351).

Jerusalem. British première of the last of Verdi's operas to be staged in Britain. Production by Pierre Audi of the Netherlands opera, conducted by

Paul Daniel. Cast includes Janice Cairns as Hélène, Arthur Davies as Gaston, Jose Garcia as Roger. Mar 31, Apr 7, 11, 14.

L'Heure espagnole & Gianni Schicchi. David Lloyd-Jones conducts; new production by Martin Duncan. Apr 12, 20, 27.

Orpheus & Eurydice. With Sally Burgess & Jane Leslie Mackenzie in Philip Prowse's production. Apr 21, 24, 26, 28.

Don Pasquale. Patrick Mason's recent production with Judith Howarth as Norina & Roger Bryson in the title role. Apr 25.

Palace, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). May 1-5. Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 482626). May 8-12.

SCOTTISH OPERA

La forza del destino. New production by Elijah Moshinsky, conducted by John Mauceri, with Andrea Gruber as Leonora, Stefano Algieri as Don Alvaro, Vladimir Chernov as Don Carlo, Alexander Morosov as Padre Guardiano.

Die Fledermaus. Simon Callow's production, with Sheila Smith as Rosalinde, Richard Greager as Eisenstein, Amy Burton as Adele.

Duke Bluebeard's Castle & Oedipus Rex. Bartók/Stravinsky double bill produced & strikingly designed by Stefanos Lazaridis.

Playhouse, Edinburgh (031-557 2590). Mar 13-17. Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555). Mar 20-24. Theatre Royal, Newcastle (091-232 2061). Mar 27-31.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844).

Der Rosenkavalier. New production by Wolfgang Weber of the Vienna Staatsoper, conducted by Charles Mackerras. Rita Cullis sings the Marschallin, with Suzanne Johnston as Octavian, Amanda Roocroft as Sophie & Donald Adams as Ochs. Mar 10.

Così fan tutte. Charles Mackerras conducts Aidan Lang's production. Strong cast includes Valerie Master-son & Donald Maxwell. Mar 8.

The Barber of Seville. With Kate McCarney, Neill Archer, Anthony Michaels Moore. Mar 9.

Rosenkavalier, Freischütz, Così, Barber.

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486). Mar 13-17. Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544). Mar 20-24. Mayflower, Southampton (0703 229771). Mar 27-31. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444). Apr 3-7. Grand Theatre, Swansea (0792 475715). Apr 24-28.

DANCE

Georgian State Dance Company.

Seventy dancers in a fast-moving programme which combines acrobatic feats, sword-fighting & dagger-throwing with traditional Georgian dancing. Start of a three-months' tour throughout the UK. Apr 30-May 12. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, WC2 (580 8845).

Les Ballets Jazz de Montréal. British début for the energetic Canadian jazz-dance troupe, with two programmes set to music by, among others, Stan Kenton, Janis Joplin & Pat Metheny. April 3-14. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

London City Ballet. *La traviata*, with choreography by André Prokovsky to music by Verdi. Mar 26-29. Triple Bill; *Graduation Ball*, music by Strauss, produced by David Long after Lichine; *Three Dances to Japanese Music*, choreographed by Jack Carter; *Transfigured Night*, set in the American Civil War, choreographed by Frank Staff. Mar 30, 31 (m&e). Sadler's Wells.

Rambert Dance Company. Programme 1: *Doubles*, a Rambert première choreographed by Merce Cunningham; *Pulau Dewata*; *Opal Loop*; *Soldat*; Programme 2: *Dealing with Shadows*, new work by Richard Alston; *Hymnos*; *Sounding*; *Currulao*, new work by Ashley Page; Programme 3: *Carmen Arcadiae*, by Ashley Page; *Longevity*; *Embrace Tiger & Return to Mountain*; *Embarque*. Until Mar 24. Ashton Commission Première celebrating the inauguration of



the Dominion. Rambert bring *Carmen Arcadiae* to Sadler's Wells. Dmitri Hvorostovsky, 1989 Cardiff Singer of the World, at the Festival Hall.

the Frederick Ashton Memorial Commission, Mar 13. Works given to Rambert by leading American choreographers, Mar 20. *Sadler's Wells*.

Royal Ballet. *The Prince of the Pagodas*, Kenneth MacMillan's production, an exotic fairy-tale ballet to music by Benjamin Britten. Mar 28, 30, 31 (m&e), Apr 2, 4, 14, 18, 19. *Giselle*. Peter Wright's production of the Petipa classic. Apr 5, 7 (m&e), 10, 11, 20, 21, 25, 26, May 12, 14. Quadruple Bill: *Galanteries*, David Bintley's ballet; new ballet by William Forsythe; *Pursuit*; *Gloria*. Apr 28 (m&e), May 1, 2, 9, 15. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911)*.

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. Four Programmes, including *La Fille mal gardée*, *Flowers of the Forest*, *Elite Syncopations*, *Paramour* & the pas de deux from *Don Quixote*. Premières of new *Lustig* ballet & *Game* by William Tuckett. Apr 24-May 5. *Sadler's Wells*. **Spring Loaded.** Annual festival of the best in contemporary dance, featuring Phoenix Dance Company. The Featherstonehaughs & Laurie Booth. Until Mar 31. *The Place*.

MUSIC

BARBICAN HALL
EC2 (638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra. Mstislav Rostropovich conducts three concerts to include Shostakovich's Symphonies Nos 3, 11, 2 & 5 & works by Schnittke, Rachmaninov & Mozart. Mar 8, 7.45pm, Mar 11, 7.30pm, Mar 15, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. George Malcolm conducts Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No 5, Magnificat in D & arias by Handel, sung by Thomas Allen, baritone. Mar 9, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra To mark his 75th birthday Charles Groves conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3, with Radu Lupu, & *Belshazzar's Feast* by Walton, with Brighton Festival Chorus & Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Mar 10, 7.45pm.

Cracow Philharmonic Orchestra give a Penderecki programme, conducted by the composer, with Grigory Zhyslin as soloist in the Viola Concerto. Mar 16, 7.45pm.

Igor Oistrakh, violin, **Natalia Zertsalova**, piano. The distinguished Russian violinist & his wife play Bach, Hindemith, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, & Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. Mar 18, 4pm.

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. 150th anniversary gala: Libor Pesek conducts Dvořák's Te Deum & Beethoven's Symphony No 9 (Choral). Mar 21, 7.45pm.

Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra play Elgar, Sibelius & Dvořák, under Vernon Handley. Mar 22, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Simon Rattle conducts Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. Mar 23, 7.15pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Vivaldi, Shostakovich & Beethoven, conducted from the cello by Heinrich Schiff. Mar 24, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Richard Hickox conducts Elgar's oratorio *The Apostles*. Mar 25, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Handel, Mozart, Vivaldi, directed from the harpsichord by Philip Ledger. Mar 30, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Jeffrey Tate conducts Shostakovich's Violin Concerto, with Igor Oistrakh, & Elgar's Symphony No 2. Mar 31, 7.45pm.

Chamber Orchestra of Europe give four concerts. Roger Norrington conducts two Haydn programmes, Apr 1, 7.30pm, Apr 3, 7.45pm; Heinz Holliger conducts Beethoven & Shostakovich, Apr 5, 7.45pm; Schumann, Schnittke, Beethoven, Apr 8, 7.30pm.

Leningrad Symphony Orchestra. Alexander Dmitriev conducts Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 3, with Eliso Vrsaladze, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5. Apr 9, 7.45pm.

City of London Sinfonia, Richard

Hickox Singers. Bach's St Matthew Passion, conducted by Richard Hickox. Apr 10, 6.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, Tallis Chamber Choir. Jeffrey Tate conducts Mozart's version of Handel's *Messiah*, sung in English. Apr 12, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra, Tallis Chamber Choir. George Malcolm conducts Bach's St John Passion, sung in German. Apr 13, 7.15pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Raphael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts Beethoven's Symphony No 6 & Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, with Stephen Hough. Apr 22, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus. Andrew Litton conducts Ravel & Orff's *Carmina Burana*. Apr 28, 7.45pm.

BLACKHEATH CONCERT HALLS
23 Lee Rd, SE3 (463 0100).

International Song Series:

Joan Rodgers, soprano, **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Glyndebourne's Susanna sings Fauré, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Liszt. Mar 11, 7.30pm.

James Bowman, counter-tenor, accompanied by a chamber group, sings Purcell, Handel, Vaughan Williams, Warlock & gives the world première of a new work by Alan Ridout, *The Second Coming*, to texts by Yeats. Mar 30, 7.30pm.

Beethoven chamber music series:

Bernard Roberts, piano, plays Beethoven piano sonatas. Mar 9, 16, Apr 20, 7.30pm.

Allegri String Quartet play Beethoven's string quartets. Mar 15, Apr 4, 25, 7.30pm.

York Piano Trio play piano trios by Beethoven & others by Mozart, Dvořák, Haydn, Mendelssohn. Apr 19, 26, 29, 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).

Bach Choir, Philharmonia. David Willcocks conducts Beethoven's Mass in C & *Christ on the Mount of Olives*. Mar 8, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra.

Andrew Davis conducts two concerts Mozart's Solemn Vespers & Mahler's Symphony No 7, Mar 9; first British performance of Birtwistle's *Machaut à ma manière*, Wood's *Scenes from Comus*, Elgar's Symphony No 2, Mar 16; 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts two programmes. Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 2, with Dmitri Alexeev, & Schoenberg's orchestral arrangement of Brahms's Piano Quartet in G minor, Mar 11; Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No 2, with Shlomo Mintz, Dvořák's Symphonic Variations & Rimsky-Korsakov's Capriccio Espagnol, Mar 13; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts an all-Elgar programme, Mar 12; Ravel, Schoenberg, & Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Kyung-Wha Chung, Mar 15; 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Society. Norman del Mar conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in works by Vaughan Williams, Delius, Strauss, & operatic arias by Tchaikovsky, with Dmitri Hvorostovsky, baritone, winner of 1989 Cardiff Singer of the World. Mar 14, 7.30pm.

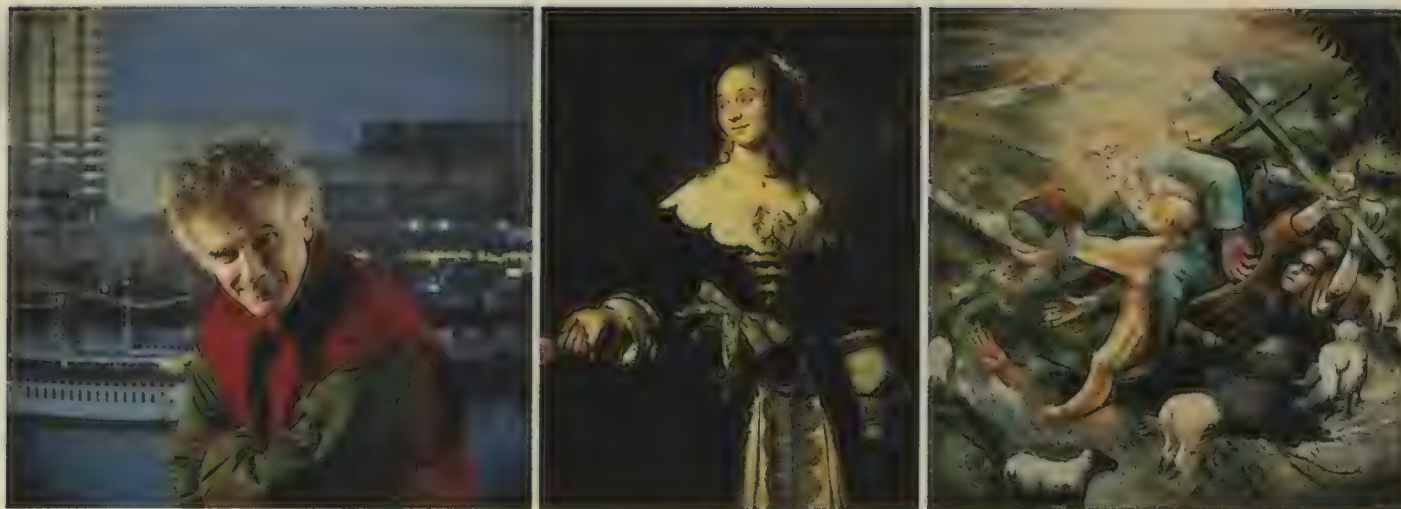
Vienna Boys Choir. Sacred & secular music, Austrian folk-songs, waltzes & polkas by Johann Strauss. Mar 18, 3.15pm.

Philharmonia. Vladimir Fedoseyev conducts Borodin's *Polovtsian Dances*, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1, with Mikhail Pletnev, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5. Mar 21, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Gunter Wand conducts Bruckner's Symphony No 5. Mar 23, 7.30pm.

Alfred Brendel, piano, plays Haydn, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven. Mar 25, 3.15pm.

The Music of Maxwell Davies. A series of concerts surveying the composer's work, & including London premières of his Strathclyde Concertos Nos 2 & 3, his first three symphonies, chamber works & staged versions of *The Martyrdom of St Magnus* & *Vesalii*



Peter Maxwell Davies at the Festival Hall. Frans Hals portraits at the Royal Academy. Steven Campbell is among Scottish artists at the Barbican.

Icones. Also a day celebrating his works for children. Maxwell Davies conducts the Scottish Chamber Orchestra in three concerts, Mar 27-Apr 10.

Poland's Last Romantic: the inspiration of Karol Szymanowski. A series of concerts illustrating the different phases of the composer's development & placing him in the context of his Eastern European contemporaries. With the BBC Symphony Orchestra & Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Philharmonia, Carmina Quartet & Janina Fialkowska, piano. Until June 6.

Bach Choir, English Chamber Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in English. Apr 1, 8, Part I, 11am, Part II, 2.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Simon Rattle conducts Messiaen's *Et exspecto Resurrectionem mortuorum* & the closing scene from Wagner's *Die Walküre*, with Rita Hunter & Willard White. Apr 3, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. First British performance of Jouni Kaipainen's Symphony & Bruckner's Symphony No 7, conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen. Apr 4, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Franz Welser-Möst conducts Haydn's oratorio *The Seasons*. Apr 7, 7pm.

London Choral Society, London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts Bach's St Matthew Passion, sung in English. Apr 13, 5pm.

Quaker Festival Orchestra & Chorus give the world première of *Cry of the Earth*, Tony Biggin's choral-drama celebrating the integrity of creation. Apr 16, 7.30pm.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera give a concert performance of Janáček's *Jenufa*, with the London Philharmonic & the cast of last year's intensely dramatic & moving production, led by Anja Silja. Andrew Davis conducts. Apr 17, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Semyon Bychkov conducts Berio, Mendelssohn, Bruch, Bizet. Apr 19, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Zubin Mehta conducts two concerts. Verdi's Requiem, Apr 22; J. C. Bach, Elgar, Stravinsky, Apr 25; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts two concerts. Wagner, Paganini, Berlioz, Apr 26; Verdi, Rossini, Respighi, & Puccini arias sung by Mirella Freni, Apr 29; 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre.

London Sinfonietta. Oliver Knussen conducts contemporary British music, including first performances of works by Geoffrey King & Dominic Muldowney, & other compositions by Saxton, Ferneyhough, Turnage, Goehr, Maxwell Davies, Birtwistle. Mar 9, 16, 22, 7.45pm.

Chelsea Opera Group, under Norman del Mar, give a concert performance of Richard Strauss's one-act opera *Daphne*, with Teresa Cahill & Kenneth Woollam. Mar 11, 7.45pm.

London Bach Orchestra continue their theme of Myth, Magic & Mystery with works by Bach, Rameau, Handel, Telemann. Mar 23, 7.45pm.

Vivaldi Concertante. Joseph Pilbery conducts Vivaldi & Bach. Mar 27, 7.45pm.

Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra under Ton Koopman play Bach's four Orchestral Suites. Mar 30, 7.45pm.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Hartmut Höll, piano. The eminent soloist gives three recitals of Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf. Apr 2, 5, 8, 7.45pm.

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Gustav Leonhardt conducts Zelenka, Bach, Rameau. Apr 7, 7.45pm.

John Lill, piano. Haydn, Schumann, Beethoven. Apr 11, 7.45pm.

London Bach Orchestra, Holst Singers. Nicholas Kraemer directs Bach's St John Passion. Apr 13, 7pm.

Gabrieli Consort & Players. Paul McCreesh conducts Bach's Mass in B minor. Apr 14, 7.45pm.

Hausmusik play Octets by Mendelssohn & Schubert. Apr 23, 7.45pm.

London Sinfonietta. Esa-Pekka

Salonen conducts two concerts, including works by Stravinsky & new music by Magnus Lindberg & Kaija Saariaho. Apr 26, May 2, 7.45pm.

London Classical Players. Roger Norrington conducts Schumann & Rossini. Apr 27, 7.45pm.

The Sixteen Choir & Orchestra. *Alexander's Feast* by Handel, conducted by Harry Christophers. Apr 29, 7.45pm.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL
King William Walk, Greenwich, SE10.
Box office: 151 Powis St, Woolwich, SE18 (317 8687, cc 855 5900).

London Classical Players. Roger Norrington conducts Mozart's Symphonies Nos 39 & 41, & Clarinet Concerto, with Eric Hoeprich on the basset clarinet. Mar 21, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Richard Hickox conducts Poulenc's Organ Concerto & Jolivet's Concertino for Trumpet, with David Titterton, organ, & Hakan Hardenberger, trumpet, also works by Ravel & Bizet. Apr 26, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S
Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

London Orpheus Choir & Orchestra. James Gaddarn conducts Bach's St John Passion, sung in German. Mar 10, 7.30pm.

BBC Lunchtime concerts. Chilingirian String Quartet, Andrew Marriner, clarinet. Dvořák, Brahms, Mar 12; Arleen Auger, soprano, Roger Vignoles, piano, songs by Mahler, Ravel, Copland, Mar 19; Emerson String Quartet, Haydn, Bartók, Mar 26; 1pm.

St Albans Chamber Choir, London Bach Orchestra. Bach's Mass in B minor, conductor Richard Strangroom. Mar 16, 7.30pm.

Gloriae dei Cantores. Elizabeth Patterson conducts music by Lassus, Bull, Purcell, Byrd, Near, Bruckner. Mar 22, 7.30pm.

Musica Antiqua of London. *Musiche fatte nella nozze*, directed by Philip Thorby, including works by Festa, Rämpollini, Masaioni, Moschini, Corteccia. Mar 31, 7.30pm.

EXHIBITIONS

Readers intending to visit over the Easter & May Day bank holiday periods should check opening times with the gallery concerned.

BARBICAN GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (638 4141).

Scottish Art Since 1900. Major survey showing art in Scotland from that of the Colourists in the early years of this century to the aggressively figurative painters of the 1980s. Until Apr 16. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun & Apr 13 & 16 noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 3204).

Wooden Toys 1990. The history & the current revival of wooden toys, particularly those mass-produced by machine. Mar 14-Apr 29. Mon-Thurs & Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (323 8525).

The Work of Angels. Masterpieces of Celtic metalwork between the 6th & 9th centuries AD, demonstrate the artistic & technical brilliance of craftsmen living in the so-called Dark Ages. Until Apr 29.

Fake? The history of copying & pastiche covers jewellery, sculpture, paintings, prints, drawings & many other media. Mar 9-Sept 2. £3, concessions £2. See feature on p27. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Apr 13 & May 7.

COLNAGHI

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408).

Julia Margaret Cameron. Studies by one of the finest photographic portrait artists in the history of the medium, whose first one-woman exhibition was held at Colnaghi's in 1865-66. Until Mar 31. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

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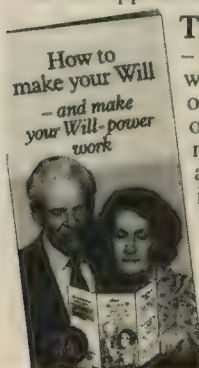
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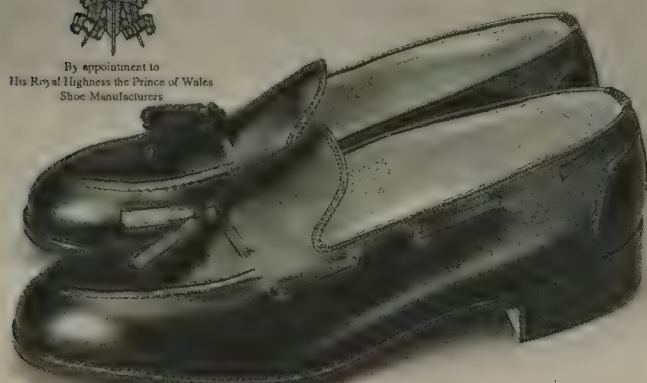
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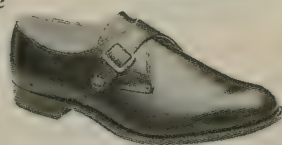
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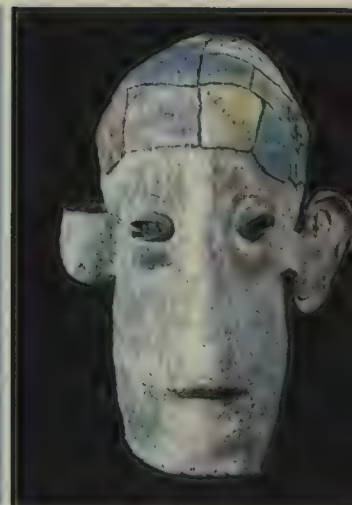
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HAYWARD GALLERY
South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3144).

In Our Time. 400 photographs showing the world as seen by photographers of the celebrated Magnum agency. Mar 8-May 6.

Now for the Future: Purchases for the Arts Council Collection since 1984. A selection of recent purchases for the largest loan collection of post-war British art & photography. Mar 8-May 6.

Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £4, concessions & everyone Sun 10am-2pm £2. Closed Apr 13.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM
Lambeth Rd, SE1 (820 1683).

Big Paintings: Part I. Six works on show, with their supporting studies, include *The Battlefield of Ypres* by Sir David Cameron, *The Old German Front Line*, Arras 1916 by Charles Sims & *Heavy Artillery* by Colin Gill. Until May 14.

Mervyn Peake, commissioned work 1942-44. The author of *Gormenghast*, also an artist, illustrator & poet, worked on propaganda publications for the Ministry of Defence. Apr 6-May 27.

Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions £1.25, free Fri.

KLABER & KLABER
2A Bedford Gardens, Kensington Church St, W8 (727 4573).

18th-century Porcelain Toys & Galanteriewaren. Loan collection of scent bottles, seals, boxes, *bonbonnières* & other items. Mar 13-24. Mar 13 2.30-8pm then Mon-Fri 10am-1pm, 2-5pm, Sat 1-4pm.

MUSEUM OF GARDEN HISTORY
St Mary-at-Lambeth, Lambeth Palace Rd, SE1 (261 1891).

Gertrude Jekyll: A Vision of Garden & Wood. The life & work of the great garden designer through 100 of her own photographs taken at her Lutyens-designed home, Munstead Wood, in Surrey. Until Apr 22. Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, Sun 10.30am-5pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

London's Pride—a history of the capital's gardens. Parks, recreations of the gardens of John Evelyn & James Tissot & an 18th-century Chinese pavilion show the influence of London's gardens on arts & crafts. A new permanent open-air exhibition traces the history of garden nurseries. May 1-Aug 12. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Open May 7.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Painting in Focus: Caspar David Friedrich. An opportunity to view the gallery's recent acquisition, Friedrich's *Winter Landscape*, alongside some of his other works including one on the same subject. Mar 28-May 28. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 13 & May 7.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Cardinal Newman, 1801-90. Biographical exhibition celebrates the centenary of the death of the founder of the Oxford Movement, now acknowledged as one of the most significant writers & thinkers of the last century. Until May 20. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Apr 13 & May 7.

OLYMPIA

Hammersmith Rd, W14 (information 486 1951).

ART/London 90. International contemporary art fair with more than 120 galleries exhibiting paintings, drawings, sculpture, prints & photography, many by young artists. All works are for sale at prices ranging from £50 to £250,000. Mar 29-Apr 1. Mar 29 11am-5pm, then daily 11am-8pm. £4.50, students £3.

PORTOBELLO ROAD GALLERIES

W10 & W11 (information 969 4119).

Portobello Contemporary Art Festival. The 17 galleries opening new exhibitions in the area during the festival include Creaser, Todd, Portfolio, Blenheim, Vanessa Devereux, Sue Williams, Michaelson & Orient, Anderson O'Day & the Special



during Portobello Art Festival. Rambert stage designs at Brighton Festival and Ofra Harnoy at Newbury. England rugby player Jeremy Guscott.

Photographers' Company. Apr 5-8. Durations & opening hours vary.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

Frans Hals. Portraits loaned from throughout Europe, the US & the USSR bear witness to the skill of this master of the Golden Age in Dutch art. Until Apr 8. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.60, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.40.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Kensington Gore, SW7 (455 6133).

A Century of Ambivalence. Photographic exhibition tracing the history of the Jews of Russia & the Soviet Union from 1881 to the present. Apr 22-May 8. Mon-Fri 9am-5pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

SPINK & SON

5 King St, SW1 (930 7888).

The Arts of Japan. Artifacts dating from the 14th to 19th centuries show the craftsmanship of Edo- & Meiji-period Japanese artists. Mar 22-Apr 6. **John Doyle.** Recent watercolours include topographical views of Egypt, India, France & England. Mar 28-Apr 12.

Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Turner Watercolours: 1810-20. The third decade of the artist's development saw his triumph as a master of landscape. Until Apr 1.

Thomas Esmond Lowinsky, 1892-1947. The work of a neglected British artist better known as a book illustrator, connoisseur & collector. Until Apr 16.

Wright of Derby, 1734-97. Major exhibition in which all six of Joseph Wright's scientific & industrial paintings are shown, together with many of the portraits of Midlands middle-class sitters that provided his chief income. Until Apr 22. £3, concessions £1.50. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Apr 13 & May 7.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8349).

The Three Graces. Last chance to

glimpse Canova's sculpture in Britain unless the V & A manages to raise the £7.6 million required to keep it. Until Mar 12.

The Plastics Age: from Modernity to Post-Modernity. The contribution of these useful substances, both as a substitute for scarce natural materials & as materials in their own right. Until Apr 29.

Household Choices. The effects of consumer choice on people's homes & on product design. Until June.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Arshile Gorky, 1904-48. Works by one of the key exponents of Abstract Expressionism. Until Mar 25.

Christian Boltanski. One of France's most important contemporary artists uses photographs & children's clothes to project themes of death & his memories of childhood. Apr 6-June 3.

Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Weds until 8pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

FESTIVALS

BEVERLEY EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

Beverley celebrates its medieval heritage with music from the 17th & 18th centuries. Hanover Band play Mozart on authentic instruments. Crispian Steele-Perkins gives a lecture recital illustrating the history of the trumpet. Nigel North plays baroque music on the lute & theorbo. May 3-6. *Box office: The Guildhall, Register Sq, Beverley, Humberside HU17 8HL (0482 867430).*

BRIGHTON INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

This year's theme, the New Europe, brings visitors from the eastern reaches of the Continent. Companies making British debuts include the Prague Chamber Ballet, the Polish State Opera of Poznan, who bring Penderecki's *The Black Mask* & Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, & the Satyricon Theatre of Moscow. Leipzig

Gewandhaus Orchestra give three Bach concerts; Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra bring an all-Russian programme; Andrei Gavrilov gives a piano recital at Glyndebourne. Rambert Dance Company spend six days at the Theatre Royal. The triennial Brighton Town Plays are on the theme of the people who shaped the town. One of the main exhibitions, Artists & Sculptors of Rambert, illustrates the company's collaboration with painters & sculptors working as stage designers. May 4-27. *Box office: The Dome, 29 New Rd, Brighton, E Sussex BN1 1UE (0273 674357).*

EASTER AT SNAPE MALTINGS

Concerts range from Easter music to jazz, opening with Suffolk Youth Orchestra & the Jubilee Choir in Brahms's German Requiem. St James's Baroque Players & Consort of Singers perform sacred music by Schütz & Rossi. Kyung-Wha Chung is the soloist in Brahms's Violin Concerto with the Britten-Pears Orchestra. Apr 12-16. *Box office: Aldeburgh Foundation, High St, Aldeburgh, Suffolk IP15 5AX (072 885 3543).*

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS FOR BROMLEY BOROUGH

New festival celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, much of which was fought over RAF Biggin Hill. Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts* will be given in a converted hangar by representatives of most of the countries involved in the fighting, led by Polish tenor Piotr Kusiewicz. Other concerts by the City of London Sinfonia, Songmakers' Almanac & Endellion String Quartet. Shakespeare, Rattigan & Agatha Christie at the Churchill Theatre & the British premiere of Scott Joplin's only surviving opera *Treemonisha*. Also films, flower & fashion shows, exhibitions & dancing. Mar 16-Apr 1. *Box office: Churchill Theatre, High St, Bromley, Kent BR1 1HA (313 0527).*

GLASGOW MAYFEST

Major highlight is a season of visual & performing arts from the Frontline States of southern Africa. From the

USSR Rustavelli Young Theatre bring *The Stepmother*; from Dublin the Abbey Theatre bring *Big Maggie*; & the Citizens Theatre of Glasgow present Brecht's *Mother Courage*, with Glenda Jackson. The dance programme involves Scottish Ballet & companies from France, Belgium, West Germany & the USA. Among a host of other performers are: Rory Bremner, Victor Spinetti, Ronnie Scott, Hank Wangford & Eartha Kitt. May 4-26. *Box office: Candleriggs, Glasgow G1 1NQ (041-227 5511); information: 041-552 6609.*

NEWBURY SPRING FESTIVAL

Neville Marriner & his Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields open the programme with a concert of English music in St Nicholas's Church. Richard Hickox conducts the Northern Sinfonia in an all-Mozart programme & in Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. Artist in residence, the cellist Ofra Harnoy, gives a recital with the pianist Michael Dussek & is the soloist in two concertos: the Offenbach, with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra & the Elgar, with the Philharmonia. Visiting chamber groups include the Dorian Wind Quintet from New York, the Talich String Quartet from Prague & the Israel Piano Trio. May 9-16. *Box office: Suite 3, Town Hall, Newbury, Berks RG14 5AA (0635 49919).*

SPORT

ATHLETICS

Kodak Indoor Classic: United Kingdom v USA v USSR. Mar 18. *Cosford, nr Wolverhampton.*

McVitie's World Cross-Country Championships trial. Mar 11. *Glasgow.*

World Cross-Country Championships. Mar 25. *Aix-les-Bains, France.*

ADT London Marathon. Apr 22. *Greenwich, SE10 to Westminster Bridge, SW1.*

BADMINTON

Yonex All-England Open Cham-



Leslie Law riding *Welton Apollo*, in with a chance at Badminton Horse Trials. The Queen's 64th birthday salute goes with a bang in Hyde Park.

pionships. Mar 14-17. *Wembley Arena, Middx.*

European Championships. Apr 8-14. *Moscow, USSR.*

CANOEING

Devizes to Westminster International Race. Apr 13-16. *Devizes, Wilts to Westminster, SW1.*

CRICKET

West Indies v England: Second Test, Mar 9-14, *Guyana*; **Third Test,** Mar 23-28, *Trinidad*; **Fourth Test,** Apr 5-10, *Barbados*; **Fifth Test,** Apr 12-17, *Antigua.*

MCC v Worcs. Apr 17-20. *Lord's, NW8.*

Lavinia, Duchess of Norfolk's XI v New Zealand. May 6. *Arundel, W Sussex.*

MCC v New Zealand. May 7. *Lord's.* (BA = Britannic Assurance Championship, BH = Benson & Hedges Cup, RA = Refuge Assurance League.)

Middx v Minor Counties (BH), Apr 24; **v Essex (BA),** Apr 27, 28, 30, May 1; **v Essex (RA),** Apr 29. *Lord's.* **Surrey v Hants (BH),** May 1; **v Lancs (BA),** May 3-5, 7; **v Lancs (RA),** May 6. *The Foster's Oval, SE11.*

EQUESTRIANISM

Badminton Horse Trials (Whitbread Championship). May 3-6. *Badminton, Avon.*

Royal Windsor Driving Trials. May 9-13. *Windsor, Berks.*

Royal Windsor Horse Show. May 10-13. *Windsor.*

FOOTBALL

(All at Wembley Stadium, Middx.)

England v Czechoslovakia. Apr 25.

Littlewoods Cup final. Apr 29.

FA Vase final. May 5.

FA Cup final. May 12.

GOLF

Jersey Open. Apr 5-8. *La Moye, Jersey, CI.*

Benson & Hedges International Open. May 4-7. *St Mellion, nr Plymouth, Cornwall.*

GYMNASTICS

Daily Mirror Champions All International. Mar 31. *National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham.*

Weetabix Young Gymnast of the Year finals. May 5. *Cardiff.*

HOCKEY

Typhoo Tea Cup: England v The Netherlands. Mar 24. *Wembley Stadium.*

NatWest Four Nations' Tournament. Apr 6-8. *Gateshead, Tyne & Wear.*

Women's World Cup. May 2-13. *Sydney, Australia.*

HORSE RACING

Cheltenham National Hunt Festival. Mar 13-15 (Tote Gold Cup, Mar 15). *Cheltenham, Glos.*

William Hill Lincoln Handicap. Mar 24. *Doncaster, S Yorks.*

Seagram Grand National. Apr 7. *Liverpool.*

William Hill Scottish National. Apr 21. *Ayr, Strathclyde.*

Whitbread Gold Cup. Apr 28. *Sandown Park, Esher, Surrey.*

General Accident 1,000 Guineas, May 3; **Jockey Club Stakes,** May 4; **2,000 Guineas,** May 5. *Newmarket, Suffolk.*

ICE SKATING

World Figure Skating Championships. Mar 5-11. *Halifax, Canada.*

Skate Electric International Challenge: Britain & Europe v USSR, United States, Canada. Apr 30-May 1. *Basingstoke, Hants.*

ROWING

Head of the River Race. Mar 24. *Mortlake, SW14 to Putney, SW15.*

University Boat Race. Mar 31. *Putney to Mortlake.*

RUGBY UNION

Scotland v England. Mar 17. *Edinburgh.*

Ireland v Wales. Mar 24. *Dublin.*

SAILING

Whitbread Round the World race final leg. Starts May 5, *Fort Lauderdale, USA*; ends May 21-29, *Southampton, Hants.*

SQUASH

Hi-Tec British Open Championships. Apr 14-23. *Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx.*

European Team Championships. May 2-6. *Zurich, Switzerland.*

OTHER EVENTS

Chelsea Flower Show. Send off early for tickets to the year's greatest horticultural event. May 22-25, daily 8am-8pm, Fri until 5pm. (RHS members only on May 22 & 23). May 24 £15 (after 4pm £7), May 25 £12. *Royal Hospital, Chelsea, SW3* (information 828 1744, advance booking by credit card 748 1414).

Coins sale. Includes the recently-discovered Wicklow wood hoard of 482 coins struck during the reign of King Stephen (1135-54). Apr 24, 10am. *Christie's, 8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).*

Curiouser & Curiouser. Series of 45-minute tours for children of seven-12 years explaining such mysteries as why 18th-century ladies wore whalebone, & the whereabouts of a man-eating tiger which is also an organ. Mar 11, 18, 25, 3pm & 4.30pm. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8635).* (Meet in Cromwell Rd entrance foyer.)

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition. Annual jamboree for home-lovers with, as centre-piece, a full-sized cross-section of a Victorian terraced house incorporating environmentally-friendly products & ideas. Mar 10-Apr 1. Daily 10am-8pm. £4.50, concessions £2.80, after 4pm £3.50 & £1.80. *Earl's Court, SW5.*

The Dandy & the Beano: 50 Years of Fun. Children's Easter lecture by Euan Kerr, editor of the *Beano*. Apr 18, 2.30pm. *Royal Society of Arts, 8 John Adam St, WC2.* Tickets free in advance from Lecture Secretary (930 5115).

Easter Parade. Two-mile procession of floats with bands, clowns & pearly kings & queens. Apr 15, 3pm (entertainments start noon). *Battersea Park, SW11.*

An Evening with Ian Botham. The celebrated cricketer talks about his life & work "against the odds". Mar 14, 7.45pm. £6.50-£8.50. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).*

London Dolls' House Festival.

The mecca for collectors of tiny antiques. May 12, 13, Sat 1-6pm, Sun 10am-4.30pm. £2.50. *Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8.*

London International Book Fair. Sneak preview of the autumn lists at the biggest event of the UK publishing year. Mar 26-28, Mon 3-7pm, Tues 3-6pm, Wed 9.30am-4pm. £6. *Olympia, Hammersmith Rd, W14.*

Mapp & Lucia Ball. The Tilling Society celebrates the 50th anniversary of the death of E.F. Benson, creator of the inimitable characters of Tilling. May 19, 7.30pm. *Reform Club, Pall Mall, SW1.* Tickets £57.50 from the Tilling Society, Martello Bookshop, 26 High St, Rye, E Sussex (0797 222242).

Maundy Thursday. The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a service & the Queen distributes the Royal Maundy. Apr 12. *Cathedral Church of St Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

Pied Piper Musical Stories. Aubrey Woods tells five- to nine-year-olds about romance & adventure on the high seas. Songs & plenty of audience participation. Mar 25, 3.15pm. £4, children £3.50. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).*

Puppets Worldwide. Workshops & performances for the Easter holidays. Apr 14, 16-19, 21, 23-26, 28. *Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 3204).*

The Queen's Birthday Salute. Guns are fired to mark the sovereign's 64th birthday. Apr 21: noon, *Hyde Park, W1* (opposite Dorchester Hotel) by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery; 1 pm, *Tower of London, EC3* by members of the Honourable Artillery Company.

Scandinavian Paintings. Sale includes August Strindberg's *The Yellow Autumn Picture*, estimated at £1-1.5 million. Mar 27, 7pm. *Sotheby's, 34-35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).*

Scandinavian Pictures. Sales highlights include Anders Zorn's *Les Baigneuses* (1889), expected to realise £1.2 to £1.8 million. Mar 29, 10.30am. *Christie's, 8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).*



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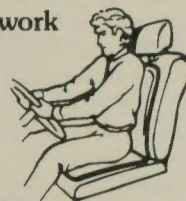
COMMUNION CUP

Nottingham, circa 1565

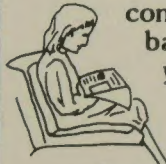
By N. Gosson

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Porcelain production in China, far left, wrongly depicted as a pastoral process in this 18th-century illustration from *Roads to Xanadu* by John Merson (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95). Left, polite kitten from *Beatrix Potter's Art* by Anne Stevenson Hobbs (Warne, £17.99). Right, from a 1940 issue of *ILN*, reproduced in *Spitfire Summer* by Peter Haining (W. H. Allen, £12.95).



BOOK LIST

A selected list of current titles which are, or deserve to be, on the bestseller list

HARDBACK NON FICTION

Boswell: The Great Biographer, 1789-95

Edited by Marlies K. Danziger & Frank Brady
Heinemann, £25

The final volume of Boswell's journals, superbly edited, includes the triumphant publication of the *Life of Johnson* and the last sad struggles, in which wine played an increasingly important part. For all his faults, which he courageously catalogued, Boswell must have been a man worth knowing.

Reinventing Shakespeare

By Gary Taylor

The Hogarth Press, £18

The young American author who some years ago discovered a new Shakespeare poem, "Shall I die", which many believe to be too bad to be by him, provocatively argues that we have generally overrated Shakespeare, who was "no less and no more singular than anyone else". If he was so ordinary, of course, he might well have written the bad poem, but Mr Taylor fails to explain how he came to write so much that was so good.

Norway 1940

by François Kersoudy
Collins, £15

The British dithered for months over Churchill's plan to cut Germany's essential iron ore supplies from Norway, failed finally to carry it out and then were defeated by Hitler's swift invasion. This is a good history of an episode which was quickly overtaken by the débâcle in France.

Alan Moorehead

by Tom Pocock

Bodley Head, £16.95

Alan Moorehead, who came to Britain from Australia in 1935, was a fine war correspondent who subsequently wrote a series of travel books, classics of their kind, until suffering a stroke at the age of 56. A sympathetic biography and tribute from one journalist to another.

HARDBACK FICTION

An Awfully Big Adventure

by Beryl Bainbridge

Duckworth, £10.95

It was Peter Pan who reflected that to die "will be an awfully big adventure". Beryl Bainbridge's brilliant new novel is set in a Liverpool repertory theatre, with a cast of typical repertory prima donnas disturbed by an enigmatic and uncomfortably honest 16-year-old, Stella, who joins them as stage manager. It is a very funny book of provincial and theatrical manners, with strongly sinister undertones.

Kingdom Come

by Bernice Rubens

Hamish Hamilton, £13.99

For her new novel Bernice Rubens has chosen a huge and complex subject: the life of a second Messiah, born in 17th-century Turkey, whose career seems both to replicate and invert the story of Christ. In the end the theme has overwhelmed the author, who resorts to portentousness reminiscent of the old Hollywood religious epic.

The Wimbledon Poisoner

by Nigel Williams

Faber & Faber, £12.99

A 48-year-old solicitor, historian of Wimbledon in nine unpublished volumes, plans to murder his ecologically-concerned feminist wife because he can think of no other way of securing any prolonged absence from her. He makes a splendidly comic mess of the attempt, and of its unexpected consequences.

Family Sins

by William Trevor

Bodley Head, £11.95

These are *pièces noires*, stories precisely and sparingly written, conjuring up an Ireland this author knows so well and observes so meticulously and dispassionately, but perhaps with less of the humour that sparked earlier collections. Certainly there is a much darker and more pessimistic view of the prospects before us.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

The Missionaries

by Norman Lewis

Arena, £3.95

A grim story, vividly and lucidly told, of the destruction of Indian tribes by missionaries from the United States dedicated to the belief that it is better to die a Christian than live a pagan.

A Thief in the Night

by John Cornwell

Penguin, £4.99

Pope John Paul I died only 33 days after his inauguration in circumstances that were bizarre, to say the least. John Cornwell was authorised to investigate the ugly rumours that followed the Pope's death. His report revealed no specific crime but plenty of unchristian activities.

America Observed

by Alistair Cooke

Penguin, £4.99

No one observes America with greater clarity and sympathetic humour than Alistair Cooke, whose weekly BBC *Letter from America* is still happily with us. There is only one such broadcast printed here, for these dispatches are in the main selected from *The Guardian* between 1946 and 1972. Every one of them sparkles, some indeed seem to have improved with age, confirming him as our best interpreter of America.

1791: Mozart's Last Year

by H. C. Robbins Landon

Flamingo, £5.99

Some of the mysteries of Mozart's last year, when he was striving to complete the *Requiem*, remain unresolved, but this scholarly and immensely readable account, which pays proper attention to the music, helps to penetrate some very muddy waters.

Great Hostesses

by Brian Masters

Constable, £7.95

Entertaining brief biographies, packed with jokes, of some of the formidable ladies who dominated fashionable society in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras.

PAPERBACK FICTION

The Negotiator

by Frederick Forsyth

Corgi, £4.99

Another fast-moving Forsyth thriller as wide-ranging in time as it is in location, with an international cast that includes President Gorbachev, Mrs Thatcher and a fictional US President whose son is kidnapped.

Hamlet, Revenge!

by Michael Innes

Penguin, £3.99

Written half a century ago but well worth reviving, it is a lively story of a country-house, amateur production of *Hamlet* in which Polonius, played by the Lord Chancellor, is properly killed behind the arras.

Incline Our Hearts

by A. N. Wilson

Penguin, £4.95

An evocative portrait of a middle-class boy brought up by relatives in the drab years immediately after the war, his parents having been killed in an air raid, who finds new dimensions to life when he is sent to stay with a family in France.

Passing On

by Penelope Lively

Penguin, £4.99

A story of an ordinary and seemingly rather boring family transformed into an absorbing and consistently entertaining commentary on changing life and manners in rural England by a writer of skill and wit, whose grip on the reader never slackens from the opening moments when the domineering mother's coffin gets stuck in the garden gate.

The Birds of Paradise

by Paul Scott

Pan, £4.50

First published in 1962, this novel, by the author of the *Raj Quartet* and *Staying On*, is evocative both of the old India and of the dramatic changes that took place in the 1950s, as seen by one who substituted the life of the Raj for a successful business career.